



T H E
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

*Te sequor, O Graia gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod te imitari augeo*—————

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T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing!
A 2. That

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
 'The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
 Whose limbs, unbury'd on the naked shore, 5
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
 Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
 Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended pow'r? 10
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
 'The king of men his rev'rend priest defy'd,
 And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands,
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. 20
 He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls ly level with the ground:
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again;
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove. 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
 'The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd:

Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
 Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
 And pray'rs, and tears, and bribes shall plead in vain;
 Till time shall rattle ev'ry youthful grace, 41
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

Hence



Hence then ; to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping fire. 45

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main ; 50
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian pow'r of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores, 55
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy. 60

Thus Chryses pray'd : the fav'ring pow'r attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound ;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, 65
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began ;
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air
The Pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train ; 75
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd.

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before ? 80
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove, 85
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
 So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more. 90

He said, and sat; when Chalcas thus reply'd:
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 'That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew:
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95
 'Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection by thy pow'r and sword. 100
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides: From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
 Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest. 120
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chryses send the black-ey'd maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r, 125
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare.

The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne;

Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire. 130
Augur accurs! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd?
Is heav'n offended, and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail; 145
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Infatiate king, (Achilles thus replies), 155
Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160
But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves,
(That trick of tyrants), may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.
Then thus the king: Shall I my prize resign,
With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170

At

At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
 First let the just equivalent be paid ;
 Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim 175
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
 Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
 But this when time requires—It now remains
 We launch a bark to plow the watry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the fable ship ascend, 185
 And some deputed prince the charge attend ;
 This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfil,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ; 190
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.
 At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd :
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd 195
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me : 200
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led ;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursfers fed ;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong :
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve ?

And

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Theffalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests shall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly; 225
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear: 230
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy. [slow'd,
If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength be-
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245
Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
And hence to all our hosts it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone. 250
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord:
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half-unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,
 Minerva swift descended from above, 261
 Sent by the sister * and the wife of Jove;
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest; 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.
 Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime behold the vengeance too.
 Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies);
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey.
 To her Pelides. With regardful ear
 'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress;
 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless. 290
 He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.

* Juno.

O mon-

O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear;
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs: 315
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, 330
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd:
Two generations now had past away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:

What

What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy !
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate 341
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view !
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
 Theseus, endu'd with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ? 350
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led ;
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain-boar,
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters gore, 356 }
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd ;
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;
 Him, awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host. 375
 This said, he ceas'd : the king of men replies :
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect controul.

Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n? 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.
Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd: 400
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near the tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores: 405
High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares, 410
With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415
The fable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.

Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent, (he cries),
 Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize :
 Submit he must ; or if they will not part,
 Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart. 425

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands ;
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands :
 Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
 At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command ;
 Decent confusion ! This the godlike man
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods ! 435
 I know your message ; by constraint you came ;
 Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
 Patroclus haste, the fair Briseis bring ;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
 Witness to gods above, and men below !
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear ;
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
 Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein : 445
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought ; 450
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
 Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
 And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung ;
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

O parent-goddes : since in early bloom, 460
 Thy son must fall by too severe a doom ;
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn :

Honour

Honour and fame at least the thund'rer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promise of a god ; 465
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watry reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide ; 470
And like a mist she rose above the tide ;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
Why grieves my son ? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care. 475

He deeply sighing said : To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebe, sacred to Apollo's name,
(Aetion's realms), our conqu'ring army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils ;
But bright Chryseis, heav'nly prize ! was led,
By vote selected, to the gen'ral's bed.

The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ; 485

The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all : but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490

The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair ;
Not so Atrides : he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd :
Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r : 495

A dreadful plague ensues : th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.

A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :
Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline 500

T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine :
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd :
The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the gods relent : 505

But now he seiz'd Briseis' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
 And service, faith and justice plead in vain.
 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god,
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' æthereal host, 515
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
 Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name),
 Thro' wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along;
 Not he * that shakes the solid earth so strong: 525
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
 Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
 They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king; 535
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.
 Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes),
 Why have I born thee with a mother's throes,
 To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
 So short a space the light of heav'n tō view!
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545
 O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from Ilion shou'd thy vessels sail,
 And

And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
 To great Olympus, crown'd with fleecy snow.
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
 The fire of gods, and all th' æthereal train,
 On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race;
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves uncloze;
 Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose.
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And dropt their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
 Chryseis last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said: 575

Hail, rev'rend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
 And may thy god who scatters darts around, 580
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this the fire embrac'd the maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
 Then near the altar of the darting king,
 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring; 585
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
 While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r:

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
 Whose pow'r enriches Cilla the divine;
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
 And gilds fair Chryia with distinguish'd rays!
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest; 595
 Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryses pray'd; Apollo heard his pray'r:
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 605
 The priest himself before his altar stands,
 And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
 The youth with instruments surround the fire:
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare;
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And pleas'd dispense the flowing bowls around.
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
 The Greeks restor'd, the grateful notes prolong; 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel ly,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky;
 Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales,
 Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below:
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),

Then

Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ; 635
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd ;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height : 641
Jove first ascending from the watry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of æthereal pow'rs.

When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea ; 645
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.

There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The thund'rer sat ; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she plac'd 650
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd.

If e'er, O father of the gods, she said,
My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655

Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise !
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise
Till the proud king and all th' Achaian race 660
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer prest,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request. 665
O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear,
Refuse, or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ;
Or oh ! declare, of all the pow'rs above
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ?

She said, and sighing thus the god replies, 670
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :

What hast thou ask'd ? Ah why should Jove engage
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,

The

The gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,
 The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god: 685
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
 And a' Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state
 Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
 Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
 All, but the god's imperious queen alone: 695
 Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
 And all her passions kindled into shame.
 Say, artful manager of heav'n, (she cries),
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700
 In vain the partner of imperial state.
 What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?

To this the thund'rer: Seek not thou to find
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind: 705
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
 The first of gods above, and men below; 709
 But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul.

Full on the fire the goddess of the skies
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
 And thus return'd: Austere Saturnius, say, 714
 From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy sway?
 Thy

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.

Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.

720

What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.

725

Then thus the god: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.

Let this suffice; th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.

730

Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;

Th' united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove.

735

The thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.

The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;

Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine.

740

The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:

Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We in eternal peace, and constant joy.

745

Thou, goddess-mother, with our fire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;

Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.

If you submit, the thund'rer stands pleas'd;
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

750

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,

Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddess, (he cry'd), be patient and obey.

755

Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve unable to defend.

What

What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might. 760
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toft all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast. 765

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd,
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound: 775
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

THE

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K I I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The trial of the army, and catalogue of the forces.

JUPITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and, upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders ly,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war;
Then

Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus commands the vision of the night:

Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair. 10

Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattel'd train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.

Declare, ev'n now 'tis giv'n him to destroy

The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy;

For now no more the gods with fate contend, 15

At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.

Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,

And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,

Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head; 20

Cloth'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,

Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;

Around his temples spreads his golden wing,

And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the king.

Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress, 25

Oh Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?

Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,

Directs in council, and in war presides,

To whom its safety a whole people owes,

To waste long nights in indolent repose. 30

Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,

Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.

In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,

Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;

Ev'n now, O king! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 35

The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy:

For now no more the gods with fate contend,

At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.

Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,

And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall. 40

Awake, but waking this advice approve,

And trust the vision that descends from Jove.

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,

Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.

A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ; 45

Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy:

Vain as he was, and to the future blind;

Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,

What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain! 50

Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murm'ring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were ty'd; 55

The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.

Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above. 60

The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands:
The gath'ring hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atreides bends his way.

In his black ship the Pylian prince he found; 65
'There calls a senate of the peers around:
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels lab'ring in his artful breast.

Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear. 70

Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.
The heav'nly phantom hover'd o'er my head, 75

And, dost thou sleep, oh Atreus' son? (he said):
Ill fits a chief, who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose. 80

Monarch, awake! tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 85

The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy:
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall. 90

This

C

What

This hear observant, and the gods obey!
 The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.
 Now, valiant chiefs! since heav'n itself alarms,
 Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
 But first, with caution, try what yet they dare, 95
 Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war?
 To move the troops to measure back the main,
 Be mine; and yours the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,
 (Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd); 100
 Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
 Nor doubt the vision of the pow'rs divine;
 Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
 Forbid it, heav'n! this warning should be lost!
 Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms, 105
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay
 Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
 The sceptred rulers lead; the following host,
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast. 110
 As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
 Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
 Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
 Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd, 115
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
 So, from the tents and ships, a length'ning train
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the plain:
 Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground:
 Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove, 121
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
 Nine sacred heralds, now proclaiming loud
 The monarch's will, suspend the list'ning crowd.
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear, 125
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
 The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
 The golden sceptre of celestial frame,
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came: 130
 To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
 Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,

In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controuls the main.

135

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:
Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

140

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,

145

Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.

So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!

At whose command whole empires rise or fall:

He shakes the feeble props of human trust,

And towns and armies humbles to the dust.

150

What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,

Oh lasting shame in ev'ry future age!

Once great in arms, the common icorn we grow,

Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.

So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,

155

And Greece triumphant held a gen'ral feast,

All rank'd by ten; whole decads, when they dine,

Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.

But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,

And Troy prevails by armies not her own.

160

Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,

Since first the labours of this war begun:

Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels ly,

And scarce ensure the wretched pow'r to fly.

Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!

165

Our weeping wives, our tender children call:

Love, duty, safety, summon us away,

'Tis Nature's voice, and Nature we obey.

Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,

Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.

170

Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,

And dream no more of heav'n-defended Troy.

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve

Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.

So

So rolls the billows to th' Icarian shore, 175
 From east and south, when winds begin to roar,
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
 The whit'ning surface of the ruffled deep.
 And as on corn when western gulls descend,
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend : 180
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.
 The gath'ring murmur spreads, their trampling feet
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
 With long-resounding cries they urge the train 185
 To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
 Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
 And fate decreed the fall of 'Troy in vain ; 190
 But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
 And sighing thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.
 Shall then the Grecians fly ? Oh dire disgrace !
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race ?
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adult'rous spouse,
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows ? 195
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
 Ly unreveng'd on yon detested plain ?
 No : let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
 Once more resplendent shine in brazen arms. 200
 Haste, goddess, haste ! the flying host detain,
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.
 Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight ;
 Ulysses, first in public cares, she found, 205
 For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd :
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
 And is it thus, divine Laertes' son !
 Thus fly the Greeks, (the martial maid begun), 210
 Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
 And fame eternal leave to Priam's race ?
 Shallauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed ?
 Haste, gen'rous Ithacus ! prevent the shame, 215
 Recal your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.

Your

Your own refistless eloquence employ,
And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confest the warlike maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd: 220

Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies thro' all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd, 225
He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.

Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but resents our fears. 230
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clam'rous vile Plebeian rose, 235
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!

Ye gods, what dastards would our host command!
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land. 240
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd, 245
The loudest silence, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murm'ring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores: 250
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.

Thersites only clamour'd in the throng, 255
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:

With witty malice studious to defame ;
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim. 260
 But chief he glory'd with licentious stile
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim ;
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame :
 His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread, 265
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mishapen head.
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
 And much he hated all, but most the best.
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme ;
 But royal scandal his delight supreme. 270
 Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
 Sharp was his voice ; which in the shrillest tone,
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.
 Amidst the glories of so bright a reign, 275
 What moves the great Atrides to complain ?
 'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
 Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow : 280
 Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
 What grieves the monarch ? Is it thirst of gold ?
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
 And bring the race of royal bastards here, 285
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear ?
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies ;
 Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize ?
 Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
 Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed ? 290
 Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
 Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
 Oh women of Achaia ! men no more !
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore. 295
 We may be wanted on some busy day,
 When Hector comes : so great Achilles may :
 From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
 From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave :

And

And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong, 300
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings.
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and iternly thus replies. 305

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host, 310
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.

For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours. 315

But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?

Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore, 320

And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends, 326
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:

On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:

Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears, 330
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.

While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:

Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!

Great in the council, glorious in the field. 335
Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,

To curb the factious tongue of insolence.

Such just examples on offenders shown,

Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the gen'ral voice the hero prais'd, 340
Who rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:

The

The blue ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
 (In form a herald), bade the crowds attend.
 Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
 To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly tongue. 345
 Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
 His silence thus the prudent hero broke.

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race
 With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
 Not such at Argos was their gen'rous vow, 350
 Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:
 Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
 Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
 Behold them weeping for their native shore!
 What could their wives or helpless children more? 355
 What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
 And, one short month, endure the wintry main?
 Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
 When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
 Then well may this long stay provoke their tears, 360
 The tedious length of nine revolving years.
 Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
 But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
 Expect the time to Troy's destruction giv'n,
 And try the faith of Chalcas and of heav'n. 365
 What past at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
 And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
 Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
 Our verdant altars, and the victim's blaz'd; 369
 ('Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around)
 The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
 A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent:
 From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
 Strait to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
 And curl'd around in many a winding fold. 375
 The top-moist branch a mother-bird posses;
 Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
 Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,
 Stretch'd his black jaws, and crush'd the crying young;
 While hov'ring near, with miserable moan, 380
 The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
 The mother last, as round the nest she flew:
 Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster flew:

Nor

Nor long surviv'd, to marble turn'd he stands
A lasting progeny on Aulis' sands. 385
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gaz'd with wond'ring eyes,
And trembling fought the pow'rs with sacrifice,
Full of his god, the rev'rend Chalcas cry'd, 390
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.
This wond'rous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain; 395
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound, 400
The hollow ships each deaf'ning shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus—These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past? 405
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our pow'rs.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway; 410
We march to war if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view, with envy, our successful wars. 415
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main;
Jove, on the right, a prosp'rous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife, 420
Till ev'ry soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight, 425
Stand

Stand forth that Greek ! and hoist his sail to fly ;
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
 But now, O monarch ! all thy chiefs advise :
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
 Among those counsels, let not mine be vain ; 430
 In tribes and nations to divide thy train :
 His sep'rate troops let ev'ry leader call,
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
 What chief, or soldier, of the num'rous band,
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, 435
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
 And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown ;
 If Fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
 If gods above prevent, or men below.
 To him the king : How much thy years excel 440
 In arts of council, and in speaking well !
 O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee ;
 Such wisdom soon shall Priam's force destroy,
 And soon shall fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy ! 445
 But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
 In fierce contention and in vain debates.
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
 By me provok'd ; a captive maid the cause :
 If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall 450
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall !
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast ;
 And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
 His sharpen'd spear let ev'ry Grecian wield,
 And ev'ry Grecian fix his brazen shield, 455
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
 And all for combat fit the rattling car.
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend ;
 No rest, no respite, till the shades descend ;
 Till darkness, or till death shall cover all : 460
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall !
 Till bath'd in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,
 With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest.
 Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow. 465
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day,

That

That wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and strait a murmur rose, 470

Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.

Strait to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend; 475

With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.

A steer of five year's age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:

There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers; 480

And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.

Next came Idomeneus and Tydeus' son,

Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;

Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;

And Menelaus came unbid, the last. 485

The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take

The sacred offering of the salted cake;

When thus the king prefers his solemn pray'r:

O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air, 490

Who in the heav'n of heav'ns has fix'd thy throne,

Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!

Hear, and before the burning sun descends,

Before the night her gloomy veil extends,

Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,

Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires, 495

In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,

And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing pray'r

Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:

The god averse, while yet the fumes arose, 500

Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.

Their pray'rs perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,

The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.

The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hyde,

The thighs, selected to the gods, divide. 505

On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,

The choicest morsels lie from ev'ry part.

From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,

While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.

The

The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 510
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest ;
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
 The gen'rous Nestor thus the prince address'd. 515

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
 And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms :
 Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
 And lead to war when Heav'n directs the way.

He said ; the monarch issu'd his commands ; 520
 Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
 The chiefs inclose their king ; the hosts divide,
 In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.

High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies ;
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes : 525

The dreadful Ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field :
 Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
 With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms, 530
 Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
 The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above, 535

The fires expanding as the winds arise,
 Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies :

So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
 A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.

Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes, 540
 Or milk-white swans in Asius' watry plains,

That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
 Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings.

Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds ;
 Now light with noise ; with noise the field resounds.

Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide, 546
 The legions crowd Scamander's flow'ry side ;

With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
 And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore :

Along the river's level meads they stand, 550
 Thick as in spring the flow'rs adorn the land,

Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
 The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
 That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs: 555
 From pail to pail with busy murmur run
 The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.
 So throng, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
 In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
 Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins 560
 In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
 Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
 Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
 The king of kings, majestically tall,
 Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outshines them all: 565
 Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
 His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
 Great as the gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
 His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien:
 Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread, 570
 And dawning conquest play'd around his head.
 Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine!
 Since earth's wide regions, heav'n's unmeasur'd height,
 And hell's abyfs, hide nothing from your sight, 575
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know),
 Oh say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues, 580
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
 The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
 What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing. 585

The C A T A L O G U E of the S H I P S.

THE hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
 Penelios, Leitus, Prothoenor led:
 With these Arcefilaus and Clonius stand,
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields, 590
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watry fields,

D

And

And Schoenos, Scholos, Grea near the main,
 And Mycaleffia's ample piny plain.
 Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
 Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell : 595
 Helecn and Hyle, which the springs o'erflow ;
 And Medcon lofty, and Ocalea low ;
 Or in the meads of Holiartus stray,
 Or Thespia sacred to the god of day.
 Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves : 600
 Copæ, and Thisbe, fam'd for silver doves ;
 For flocks Erythræ, Gliffa for the vine ;
 Platea green, and Nisa the divine.
 And they whom Thebes's well-built walls inclose,
 Where Myde, Eutresis, Corone rose ; 605
 And Arne rich, with purple harvests crown'd ;
 And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
 Twice sixty warriors thro' the foaming seas.
 To these succeed Aspledon's martial train, 610
 Who plow the spacious Orchomenian plain.
 Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
 Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong :
 Sons of Astyoche, the heav'nly fair,
 Whose virgin charms subdu'd the god of war : 615
 (In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress) :
 Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.
 The Phocians next in forty barks repair, 620
 Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
 From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
 His silver current thro' the flow'ry meads ;
 From Panopea, Chrysa the divine,
 Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine, 625
 Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
 And fair Lilea views the rising flood.
 These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
 Close on the left, the bold Bœotians side.
 Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on, 630
 Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son ;
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright ;
 Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.

Him

Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
 Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send: 635
 Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands;
 And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands, }
 And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands,
 Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside;
 In forty vessels cut the yielding tide. 640

Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
 And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
 Breathing revenge in arms they take their way
 From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
 Th' Isteian fields for gen'rous vines renown'd, 645
 The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;
 Where Dios from her tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,
 And high Cerinthus views the neighb'ring main.
 Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
 Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air; 650
 But with portended spears in fighting fields,
 Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.
 Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
 Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main, 655
 Led by Menestheus thro' the liquid plain,
 (Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid,
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth. 660
 Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
 Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
 Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
 And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise).
 No chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,
 To marshal armies in the dusty field, 666
 Th' extended wings of battle to display,
 Or close th' embodied host in firm array.
 Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise. 670

With these appear the Salaminian bands,
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
 In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
 And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the gen'rous Argive train 675 }
 From high Trœzene, and Mafeta's plain,
 And fair Ægina circled by the main :
 Whom strong Tyrinthe's lofty walls furround,
 And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd :
 And where fair Asinen and Hermion show 680
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
 These, by the brave Euryalus were led,
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
 But chief Tydides bore the sov'reign sway ;
 In fourscore barks they plow the watry way. 685
 The proud Mycene arms her martial pow'rs,
 Cleone, Corinth, with imperial tow'rs,
 Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
 And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign :
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore, 690
 And where Pyllene yields her fleecy store,
 Where Helice and Hyperesia lie,
 And Gonoessia's spires salute the sky.
 Great Agamemnon rules the num'rous band,
 A hundred vessels in long order stand, 695 }
 And crowded nations wait his dread command.
 High on the deck the king of men appears,
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears ;
 Proud of his host, unrival'd in his reign,
 In silent pomp he moves along the main. 700
 His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
 The hardy Spartans, exercis'd in arms :
 Phares and Brysias valiant troops, and those
 Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose :
 Or Messe's tow'rs for silver doves renown'd, 705
 Amyclæ, Laas, Augia's happy ground,
 And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
 And Helos on the margin of the main :
 These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause
 In sixty ships, with Menelaus draws : 710
 Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes ;
 While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
 The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tear.
 In ninety sail, from Pylos sandy coast, 715
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host ;

From

From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land,
 Where Æpy high, and little Ptelon stand;
 Where beauteous Arene her structures shows,
 And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams inclose: 720
 And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
 Superior once of all the tuneful race,
 'Till vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
 To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
 Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride 725
 Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
 Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
 Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
 No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing,
 His hand no more awak'd the silver string. 730

Where under high Cyllene, crown'd with wood,
 The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;
 From Ripe, Stratie, Tegea's bord'ring towns,
 The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
 Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove; 735
 And Stympheus with her surrounding grove,
 Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
 And high Enispe shook by wintry wind,
 And fair Mantinia's ever-pleasing site;
 In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite. 740
 Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
 (Ancæus' son), the mighty squadron led.
 Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
 Thro' roaring seas the wond'ring warriors bear;
 The first to battle on th' appointed plain, 745
 But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
 Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrminus confine,
 And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose
 Th' Olenian rock, and where Alisium flows; 750
 Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came;
 The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
 In separate squadrons these their train divide,
 Each leads ten vessels thro' the yielding tide.
 One was Amphimachus, and Thalpius one; 755
 (Eurytus' this, and that Teatus' son);
 Does sprung from Amarynceus' line;
 And great Prolyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
 From the blest islands of th' Echinades, 760
 In forty vessels under Meges move,
 Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
 To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
 And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd thro' the watry road, 765
 A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.
 With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclos'd,
 Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
 Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods, 770
 Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
 Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
 These in twelve gallies with vermilion prores,
 Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andraemon's valiant son, 775
 From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
 And rough Pylene, and th' Olenian steep,
 And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
 He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore;
 For now the sons of Oeneus were no more! 780
 The glories of the mighty race were fled!
 Oeneus himself and Meleager dead!
 To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
 His forty vessels follow thro' the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands, 785
 Of Gnoſſus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
 And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
 Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
 Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs;
 Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons. 790
 These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.

Plepolenus, the son of Hercules,
 Led nine swift vessels thro' the foamy seas;
 From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright, 795
 Jalyſſus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
 His captive mother fierce Alcides bore
 From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
 Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
 And saw their blooming warriors early slain. 800

The

The hero, when to manly years he grew,
 Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
 For this constrain'd to quit his native place,
 And shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,
 A fleet he built, and, with a num'rous train 805
 Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
 Where many seas and many suff'rings past,
 On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
 There in three tribes divides his native band,
 And rules them peaceful in a foreign land; 810
 Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes
 By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods;
 With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
 And show'rs of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus fought the Trojan shore,
 Nireus, whom Agæ to Charopus bore, 816
 Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
 The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
 Pelides only match'd his early charms;
 But few his troops, and small his strength in arms. 820

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
 Of those, Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
 With them the youth of Nisyros repair,
 Casus the strong, and Cræpathus the fair;
 Cos, where Eurypylus possess the sway, 825
 Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
 These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
 Sprung from the god by Theſſalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelægic Argos' pow'rs,
 From Alos, Alope, and Trechin's tow'rs; 830
 From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
 With female beauty far beyond the rest.
 Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
 Th' Achæians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
 Theſſalians all, tho' various in their name, 835
 The same their nation, and their chief the same.
 But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
 They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
 No more the foe they face in dire array;
 Close in his fleet their angry leader lay; 840
 Since fair Briseis from his arms was torn,
 The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,

Then

Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
 And the bold sons of great Evenus flew.
 There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care, 845
 But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylace succeed;
 Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
 And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
 The bow'rs of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes, 850
 Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flow'rets crown'd,
 And Antron's watry dens, and cavern'd ground.
 These own'd as chief Protefilas the brave,
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore, 855
 And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
 There lies, far distant from his native plain;
 Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain. }
 His troops in forty ships Podarces led, 860
 Iphielus' son, and brother to the dead;
 Nor he unworthy to command the host;
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
 Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake, 865
 Where Pheræ hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
 Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall,
 In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
 With bold Eumelus, whom Alceste bore:
 All Pelias' race Alceste far outshin'd, 870
 The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methone or Thaumacia yields,
 Olizon's rocks, or Milebœa's fields,
 With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
 From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart. 875
 Sev'n were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
 Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
 But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
 A pois'nous Hydra gave the burning wound;
 There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain, 880
 Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
 His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
 Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhenia bore.

Th' Oechalion race, in those high tow'rs contain'd
 Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd, 885
 Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
 Or where Ithome, rough with rocks, appears;
 In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
 Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
 To these his skill their parent-god * imparts, 890
 Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
 In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
 Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
 And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow. 895

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypætes leads,
 And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
 Gyrtone's warriors; and where Orthe lies,
 And Oloosson's chalky cliffs arise.
 Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race, 900
 The fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace,
 (That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
 To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled),
 With Polypætes, join'd in equal sway,
 Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey. 905

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
 From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
 With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
 Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
 Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides, 910
 And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
 Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
 The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
 Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
 Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods! 915

Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
 Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
 Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
 Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;
 Or where thro' flow'ry Tempe Peneus stray'd, 920
 (The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade),
 In forty fable barks they stemm'd the main;
 Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O muse! of all Achaia breeds,
 Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds? 925

* Aesculapius.

Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chace,
 As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race;
 Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
 And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
 Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame, 930
 Their height, their colour, and their age the fame;
 O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
 And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.

Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd: 935
 (His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
 And his th' unrival'd race of heav'nly steeds):
 But Phetis' son now shines in arms no more;
 His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
 In empty air their sportive jav'lins throw, 940
 Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
 Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
 Th' immortal courfers graze along the strand;
 But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
 And wand'ring o'er the camp, requir'd their lord. 945

Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,
 The shining armies sweep along the ground;
 Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
 Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
 Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove 950
 Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
 On Arime when he the thunder throws,
 And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
 Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
 Still feels the fury of th' avenging god. 955

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
 Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;
 In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
 The old consulting, and the youths around.
 Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose, 960
 Who from Æsetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
 High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
 The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
 In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
 Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king. 965

Cease to consult, the time for action calls;
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

Assembled

Assembled armies oft' have I beheld;
 But ne'er till now such numbers charg'd a field.
 Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand, 970
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
 Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
 Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
 In just array let ev'ry leader call

The foreign troops: this day demands them all. 975

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
 The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
 Nations on nations fill the dusky plain, 979
 Men, fleets, and chariots shake the trembling ground;
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
 A rising mount, the work of human hands;
 (This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
 Tho' call'd Bateia in the world below); 985
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
 Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
 Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest:
 In throngs around his native bands repair, 990
 And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
 Anchises' son, by Venus' stol'n embrace,
 Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
 (A mortal mixing with the queen of love): 995
 Archilochus and Acamas divide
 The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
 Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;
 Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood; 1000
 Were led by Pandarus of royal blood:
 To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
 Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's tow'rs,
 High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bow'rs; 1005
 From these the congregated troops obey
 Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway;
 Old Merops' sons, whom, skill'd in fates to come,
 The sire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom:

Fate

Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain, 1010
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighb'ring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host : 1015
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursfers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever fertile ground :
In equal arms their brother leaders shine, 1020
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyrous lead their hosts
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus rores,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores. 1025

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Træzenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.
Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend ;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on, 1030
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,
Axius, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules ; 1035
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green ;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna ly,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky ;
And where Parthenius, roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,
Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs. 1041

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The rip'ning silver in Alybean mines. 1045

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain ;
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite 1050
Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight,

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake ;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake. 1055
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycale, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues.
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train, 1060
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war ;
Fool that he was ! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main : 1065
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies ;
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.
The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead ;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, 1070
Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

E

THE

T H E I L I A D.

B O O K III.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

[The duel of Menelaus and Paris.]

THE armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris, (by the intervention of Hector), for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helena gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
 Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
 With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
 Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war :
 So when inclement winters vex the plain
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
 To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
 With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky ;
 To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
 And all the war descends upon the wing.

5

10
But

But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
 Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
 Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds 15
 A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
 Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day: 20
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame 25
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:
 In form a god! the panther's speckled hyde
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
 His bended bow across his shoulders slung,
 His sword beside him negligently hung, 30
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
 Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies, 35
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
 So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
 Or mountain-goat, his bulky prize, appear;
 Eager he seizes, and devours the slain,
 Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. 40
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
 From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
 And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
 As when some shepherd from the rustling trees
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
 And all confus'd precipitates his flight, 50
 So from the king the shining warrior flies,
 And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
 He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.
 Unhappy Paris! but to women brave! 55
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
 Oh hadst thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,
 Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite!
 A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
 And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. 60
 Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
 Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
 Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
 But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
 In former days, in all thy gallant pride, 65
 When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,
 When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
 And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show;
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
 You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen, 70
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
 And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?
 This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; 75
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
 Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80
 Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.
 His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks; 85
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
 But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows, 90
 Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
 With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
 With which a lover golden Venus arms;

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd: 100
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease, 105
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 110
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd; 115
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain, 125
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here, in the midst, in either army's fight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right 135
A world engages in the toils of fight.

To me the labour of the field resign;
 Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
 Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,
 And live the rest secure of future harms. 140

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
 To Earth a fable, to the Sun a white,
 Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
 Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.

Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage, 145
 And add the sanction of confid'rate age;
 His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
 And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:

Cool age advances venerably wise,
 Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes; 150
 Sees what beset, and what may yet beset,
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
 And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.
 Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155
 And from their chariots issu'd on the ground:

Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
 Laid their bright arms along the fable shore.
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between. 160

Two heralds now dispatch'd to Troy, invite
 The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
 Talthylus hastens to the fleet, to bring
 The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Mean time, to beauteous Helen, from the skies 165
 The various goddesses of the rainbow flies;
 (Like fair Laodice in form and face,
 The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race),

Her in the palace at her loom she found;
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd. 170
 The Trojan wars she weav'd, (herself the prize),
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.

To whom the goddesses of the painted bow;
 Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below!
 Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight, 175
 So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,

Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
 Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

Paris

Paris alone and Sparta's king advance;
 In single fight to toss the beamy lance; 180
 Each met in arms the fate of combat tries,
 Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
 Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
 Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 185
 Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
 O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
 And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
 Her handmaids Clymene and Æthra wait
 Her silent footsteps to the Scean gate. 190

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,
 (Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace),
 The king the first; Thymætes at his side;
 Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
 Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong; 195
 And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
 Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
 Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
 Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
 But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, 200
 In summer-days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
 A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
 These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r,
 In secret own'd resileless beauty's pow'r:
 They cry'd, No wonder such celestial charms 205
 For nine long years have set the world in arms;
 What winning graces! what majestic mien!
 She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
 Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
 And from destruction save the Trojan race. 210

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cry'd,
 Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
 See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
 The friends and kindred of thy former years.
 No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws, 215
 Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
 The gods these armies and this force employ;
 The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
 But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he
 (Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220

Around

Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
 So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
 Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
 None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
 He seems a monarch, and his country's pride. 225
 Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, father, I appear
 With conscious shame and reverential fear.
 Ah! had I dy'd, ere to these walls I fled,
 False to my country and my nuptial bed, 230
 My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
 False to them all, to Paris only kind!
 For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
 Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
 The king of kings, Atrides, you survey, 235
 Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
 My brother once before my days of shame;
 And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
 Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began: 240
 O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
 Successful monarch of a mighty state!
 How vast thy empire! of yon matchless train
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
 In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, 245
 In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
 When god-like Mygdon led their troops of horse,
 And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
 Against the man-like Amazons we stood,
 And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood. 250
 But far inferior those in martial grace,
 And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-train:
 What's he, whose arms ly scatter'd on the plain?
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread. 255
 Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.
 Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
 From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
 The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
 And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes
 Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife:

A bar-

A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began: 265

Myself, O king! have seen that wond'rous man,

When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,

To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;

(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request); 270

My house was honour'd with each royal guest:

I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,

Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.

Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;

Ulysses seated greater rev'rence drew.

When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train, 275

Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;

He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,

His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground, 280

As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,

Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand.

But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!

Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,

The copious accents fall with easy art; 285

Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!

Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize;

Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd, (as yet the camp he view'd),

What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd, 290

Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,

And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?

Ajax the great, (the beautiful queen reply'd),

Himself a host; the Grecian strength and pride.

See! bold Idomeneus superior towers 295

Amidst yon circle of his Cretan pow'rs.

Great as a god! I saw him once before,

With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.

The rest I know, and could in order name;

All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. 300

Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,

Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain;

Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,

One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse, 305

My

My brothers these; the same our native shore, 305
 One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
 For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
 Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
 Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. 310

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
 Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Mean time the heralds, thro' the crowded town, 315
 Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.

Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,
 Who thus the venerable king address:
 Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
 The nations call, thy joyful people wait 320
 To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.

Paris thy son and Sparta's king advance,
 To measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
 And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
 His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325
 Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
 So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
 To join his milk-white coursers to the car: 330
 He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
 The gentle steeds thro' Scæa's gates they guide:
 Next from the car descending on the plain,
 Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train 335
 Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
 Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

On either side a sacred herald stands;
 The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
 Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord 340
 His cutlass sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;
 From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair;
 The heralds part it, and the princes share;
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
 He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345

O first and greatest Pow'r! whom all obey,
 Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,

Eternal

Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
 From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
 Thou mother Earth! and all ye living floods! 350
 Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
 Great Menelaus press the fatal plain, 355

The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
 And Greece returning plow the watry deep.
 If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,
 Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
 Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, 360
 And ev'ry age record the signal day.

This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
 Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victim slew,
 And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw: 365
 The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,

And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
 From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
 And add libations to the pow'rs divine.

While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky: 370

Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye gods on high!
 And may their blood, who first the league confound,
 Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;

May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
 And all their race be scatter'd as the dust! 375

Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
 Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
 And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.
 Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage, 380
 But spare the weakness of my feeble age:

In yonder walls that object let me shun,
 Nor view the danger of so dear a son.

Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
 Heav'n only knows; for heav'n disposes all. 385

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
 But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
 Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
 And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose: 390
 The lists of combat and the ground inclose;
 Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
 Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
 The people pray with elevated hands,
 And words like these are heard thro' all the bands. 395
 Immortal Jove, high heav'n's superior lord,
 On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
 Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
 Oh give that author of the war to fate
 And shades eternal! let division cease, 400
 And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
 The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
 Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405
 Both armies sat the combat to survey,
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
 And round the lists the gen'rous coursers neigh. }
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
 In gilded arms magnificently bright: 410
 The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
 Lycaon's cors'let his fair body drest,
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;
 A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd, 415
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. 420
 With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
 The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
 With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
 Amidst the dreadful vale the chiefs advance, 425
 All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
 The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw;
 Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,
 Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
 Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground. 430
 Atrides

Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor; aid my righteous cause; 435
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!

Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent;
Thro' Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, 440

His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:

But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook 445
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.

The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice and angry eyes: 450
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?

And is it thus the gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew 455

(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.

Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy: 460
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,
And left an empty helmet in his hand.

The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465

In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.

Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed, 470
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Mean time the brightest of the female kind,
 The matchless Helen o'er the walls reclin'd:
 To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came, 475
 In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame*.
 (She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool).
 The goddess softly shook her silken vest,
 That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address: 480

Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
 Fair as a god! with odours round him spread
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed ;
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe, 485
 But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd:
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
 And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire. 490
 Struck with her presence, strait the lively red
 Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said:
 Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?

And woman's frailty always to believe?
 Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495
 Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?

For whom must Helen break her second vow?
 What other Paris is thy darling now?
 Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
 An odious conquest and a captive wife, 500
 Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
 My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.

A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
 Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
 Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore, 505
 His spouse or slave, and mount the skies no more.
 For me, to lawless love no longer led,

I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,
 And keen reproach, from ev'ry Phrygian dame: 510
 Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
 Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies:
 Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise:

Should

* Venus.

Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, 515
 Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
 Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
 The world's aversion, than their love before ;
 Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
 Then the sad victim of the public rage. 520

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
 And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade ;
 Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
 Led by the goddesses of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate, 525
 The maids officious round their mistress wait ;
 Then all dispersing, various talks attend ;
 The queen and goddesses to the prince ascend.
 Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
 Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove ; 530
 Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
 Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say :

Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
 Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame ?
 Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword 535
 Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord !
 The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
 With Sparta's king to meet in single fray :
 Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
 Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight ; 540
 Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unkill'd
 Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies : Ah cease, divinely fair,
 Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear ;
 This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r ; 545
 We yet may vanquish in a happier hour :
 There want not gods to favour us above ;
 But let the bus'ness of our life be love :
 These softer moments let delights employ,
 And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
 Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
 My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,
 When first entranc'd in Cnanae's isle I lay,
 Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away !
 Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy 555
 Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.

Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious raptures yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field : 560

So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.

Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy ;

Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave. 565

Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose ;

Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes,

Hear and attest ! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found : 570

Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,

Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord ;

Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,

And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd ; his army's loud applauses rise, 575
And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K IV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The breach of the truce, and the first battle.

THE gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book, (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold;
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.
Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;
But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,

Each danger wards, and constant in her care 15
 Saves in the moment of the last despair.
 Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
 Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife,
 Then say, ye pow'rs! what signal issue waits
 To crown this deed, and finish all the fates? 20
 Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdom spare,
 Or rouse the furies, and awake the war?
 Yet, would the gods for human good provide,
 Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride;
 Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
 And thro' his gates the crowding nations flow.
 Thus while he spoke, the queen of heav'n, enrag'd,
 And queen of war, in close consult engag'd!
 Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
 And meditate the future woes of Troy: 30
 Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
 The prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress;
 But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
 Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.
 Shall then, O tyrant of th' æth'rial reign! 35
 My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
 Have I for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
 Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
 To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
 Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore. 40
 At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
 But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
 Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
 Not all the gods are partial and unjust.
 The fire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies, 45
 Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies;
 Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
 To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
 What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove?
 Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above? 50
 That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st con-
 found,
 And yon fair structures level with the ground?
 Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
 Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!

Let

Let Priam bleed ! if yet thou thirst for more, 55
 Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
 To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n;
 'Till vast destruction glut the queen of heav'n !
 So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
 When heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy. 60
 But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
 On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
 Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way:
 For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise 65
 Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,
 Which gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
 None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace,
 Than god-like Priam, or than Priam's race. 70
 Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
 Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
 Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75
 More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
 Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
 'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80
 Of pow'r superior why should I complain?
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
 Yet some distinction Juno might require,
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,
 A goddess born to share the realms above, 85
 And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring Jove;
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
 Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
 So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,
 And heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90
 See, ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
 To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands:
 Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
 And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The fire of men, and monarch of the sky, 95
 Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,

Dissolve

Diffolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent

To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main), 105
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.

With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire! 110
The gods, (they cry'd), the gods their signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng 115
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,
'The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd; 120
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the goddess: Pærygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart,
Amid't his triumph, to the Spartan's heart? 126
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain?
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed! 130
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,
On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smoothis'd with artful toil:
A mountain-goat resign'd the shining spoil,

Who

Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled ;
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140 }
 And sixteen palms his brows large honours spread : }
 The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
 And beaten-gold each taper point adorns.
 This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
 Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends. 145
 There meditates the mark ; and couching low,
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
 One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
 Fated to wound, and cause of future woes ;
 Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150
 Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
 Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends ;
 Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
 Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow ; 155
 Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,
 Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.

But thee, Atrides ! in that dang'rous hour
 The gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
 Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
 Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course :
 So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
 The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
 Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
 Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd, 165
 She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
 Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove ;
 The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
 And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
 As when some stately trappings are decreed 170
 To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
 A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
 Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red ;
 With equal lustre various colours vie ;
 The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye ; 175
 So, great Atrides ! show'd thy sacred blood,
 As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
 With horror seiz'd, the king of men descri'd
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide :

Nor

Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found 180
The shining barb appear above the wound.

Then, with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,
'The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With answ'ring sighs return'd the plaintive sound. 185

O dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce; a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join, 190
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.

Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195

The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

I see the god, already from the pole, 200
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;

I see th' eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate. 205

Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost, 210

Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast;
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies);

"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And such the conquest of her king of kings! 215

"Lo, his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,

"And, unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain."

Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.

He said. . . a leader's and a brother's fears 220
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:

Let

Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate:
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound. 225

To whom the king: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art
May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring 230
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy),
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Palthybius flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes, 235
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms incircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow, 240
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran:
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around. 245
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Strait the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd, 250
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care;
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms;
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms. 255
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpris'd with fear;
But, fond of glory, with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery couriers snorted at his side.

On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
 And these encourages, and those reproves. 265
 Brave men! he cries, (to such who boldly dare
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war),
 Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
 Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
 'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread, 270
 Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head;
 Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
 And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.
 Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
 Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires: 275
 Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
 Born to the fate you well deserve to find!
 Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
 Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
 Confus'd, and panting thus, the hunted deer 280
 Falls, as he flies, a victim to his fear.
 Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
 Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
 Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race? 285
 This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along
 To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng:
 High at their head he saw the chief appear,
 And bold Meriones excite the rear.
 At this the king his gen'rous joy exprest, 290
 And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast:
 Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
 To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?
 To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
 First in the fight and ev'ry graceful deed. 295
 For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
 Restore our blood, and raise the warrior's souls,
 Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
 Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name; 300
 Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
 To whom the Cretan thus his speech address:
 Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
 Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
 Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305

But

But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed. 309

Charm'd with his heat, the king his course pursues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around;
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below; 315
Slow from the main, the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock 320
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embattel'd squadrons stood,
With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
A shady light was shot from glitt'ring shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields. 325

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king), who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the gods but breathe in all the rest 330
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force); 335
There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest orders sets his train in arms,
The chief advises, and the soldier warms.
Alastor, Chronius, Hæmon round him wait, 340
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great,
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly: 345
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;

Before the rest let none too rashly ride ;
No strength, nor skill, but just in time, be try'd :
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein, 350
But fight, or fall ; a firm, embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste ;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lines to provoke the war. 355

Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
Oh ! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires !
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be !
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd ;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew ;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with actions those :
The field of combat fits the young and bold, 376
The solemn council best becomes the old :
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before, 380
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands ;
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of war ; 385
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can

Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part,
 And fears Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry art! 390
 Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
 To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
 From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
 The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395
 For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
 To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
 And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
 Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
 Say, is it thus those honours you requite? 400
 The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
 His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
 Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
 Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command; 405
 If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
 Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
 Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
 Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the king replies;
 Oh great in action, and in council wise! 411
 With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
 Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
 Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
 Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415
 Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
 The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
 His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
 (The warlike Sthenelus attends his side); 420
 To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
 Oh son of Tydeus! he, whose strength could tame
 The bounding steed, (in arms a mighty name),
 Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
 With hands unactive, and a careless eye? 425
 Not thus thy fire the fierce encounter fear'd;
 Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
 What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
 Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
 I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs, 430
 A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's tow'rs;

Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
 Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heav'n;
 While dreadful comets glaring from afar,
 Forewarned the horrors of the Theban war, 435
 Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
 A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
 Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
 Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
 The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440
 And dar'd to combat all these chiefs around;
 Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;
 For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
 Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
 To bar his passage, fifty warriors lay; 445
 Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
 Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
 Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
 He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
 Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire; 450
 Gods! how the son degen'rates from the fire?
 No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
 But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
 Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
 Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun. 455
 What needs, O monarch! this invidious praise,
 Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?
 Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
 Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
 With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall, 460
 And happier saw the sev'nfold city fall.
 In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
 The sons subdu'd, for Heav'n was on their side.
 Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465
 To him Tydides thus. My friend, forbear,
 Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
 His the first praise, were Ilion's tow'rs o'erthrown, 470
 And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
 Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
 'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
 Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound. 475
 Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
 Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
 As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
 First move the whit'ning surface of the seas,
 The billows float in order to the shore, 480
 The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
 Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
 Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
 So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
 Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
 Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands; 486
 No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
 Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
 As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.
 Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends 490
 A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
 As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
 In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
 The hollow vales incessant bleating fill,
 The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills: 495
 Such clamours rose from various nations round,
 Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
 Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,
 These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
 Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign; 500
 And Discord raging bathes the purple plain:
 Discord! dire sister of the slaughter'ing pow'r,
 Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around; 505
 The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
 The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
 Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
 Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew, 510
 The founding darts in iron-tempests flew,
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
 With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
 Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
 Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main;
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound; 520
 So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
 The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
 At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
 Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives; 525
 Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.

So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
 Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
 Him, the bold leader * of th' Abantian throng 530
 Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corps along:
 But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
 Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.

His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
 Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field; 535
 The nerves unbrac'd support his limbs no more;
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
 Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
 The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
 As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540
 Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
 Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore
 Amid the flocks on silver Simois shore: 545
 The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
 To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
 And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain, 550
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
 So falls a poplar, that in watry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
 (Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel), 555

* Elphenor.

Cut down it lies; tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head;
 There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
 And scorch'd by suns it withers on the plain.

Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoisius lies 560
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his jav'lin threw;
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
 And Leucis, lov'd by wise Ulysses, flew. }
 He drops the corpse of Simoisius slain, 565
 And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.

This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd,
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
 In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around. 570
 Struck at his sight, the Trojans backward drew,
 And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.

A chief stood nigh who from Abydos came,
 Old Priam's son, Democoon was his name;
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575
 Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
 Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
 Ev'n godlike Hector seems himself to fear;
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
 The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead;
 But Phœbus now from Ilion's tow'ring height 585
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
 Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
 The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
 Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan pow'rs:
 While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe, 595
 And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then

Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
 In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
 A broken rock the force of Pirus threw;
 (Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew), 600
 Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
 Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd sands,
 Before his helpless friends, and native bands,
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands. 605 }
 The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
 And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
 His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
 And the warm life came issuing from the wound.
 His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent, 610
 Deep in his breast, above the pap it went,
 Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
 And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
 Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
 Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear: 615
 Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
 To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
 The Thracian bands against the victor press'd; 620
 A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
 Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
 In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.
 Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
 And one the leader of th' Epeian race; 625
 Death's sable shade at once o'ercaст their eyes,
 In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
 And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
 Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld, 630
 By Pallas guarded thro' the dreadful field,
 Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
 And swords around him innocently play,
 The war's whole art with wonder he had seen,
 And counted heroes where he counted men. 635
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
 And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K V.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
 Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
 Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
 And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
 High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
 His beamy shield emits a living ray;
 Th' unweary'd blaze incessant itreams supplies,
 Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

When

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
 And bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light. 10
 Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd;
 Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd:
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

'The sons of Dares first the combat fought, 15
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
 In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
 These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
 These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. 20
 Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near,
 And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its erring force.
 Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, 25
 But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
 Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
 Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
 And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30
 But in a smoky cloud the god of fire
 Preserv'd the son in pity to the fire.
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
 Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the Trojan crew 35
 Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
 When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
 The god of battles, and this speech address'd.

Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall! 40
 Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
 And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
 While we from interdicted fields retire,
 Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging Sire.

Her words allay'd th' impetuous warrior's heat, 45
 The god of arms and martial maid retreat;
 Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flow'ry bounds
 They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Mean time the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
 And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew: 50

First

First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
 His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
 As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
 The speedy jav'lin drove from back to breast.
 In dust the mighty Halizonian lay, 55
 His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
 The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
 Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
 From fruitful Tarne to the fields of 'Iroy. 60
 The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
 And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
 And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace, 65
 In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
 Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
 To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
 But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
 The fatal lance arrests him as he flies; 70
 From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent,
 Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:
 Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
 His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell; 75
 Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
 Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
 The graceful fabric, and the fair design;
 For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art. 80
 Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
 But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled, 85
 The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Thro' his right hip, with forceful fury cast,
 Between the bladder and the bone it past:
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes. 90

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
 Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,

Whose

Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano, heav'nly fair,
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
 How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear. 95
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
 Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line, 100
 Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
 Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand, 105
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'ring parts engag'd; 110
 In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
 While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
 And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
 Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. 125
 With grief the leader * of the Lycian band
 Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
 His bended bow against the chief he drew;
 Swift to the mark the thirty arrow flew,
 Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore, 130
 Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
 The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
 While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

* Pandarus.

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds. 135
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief behind his car retir'd, 140
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian pow'r address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest. 145

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield:
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight, 150
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd; 155
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold, (she cry'd), in ev'ry combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul; 160
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities. 165
These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight; 171
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; 175

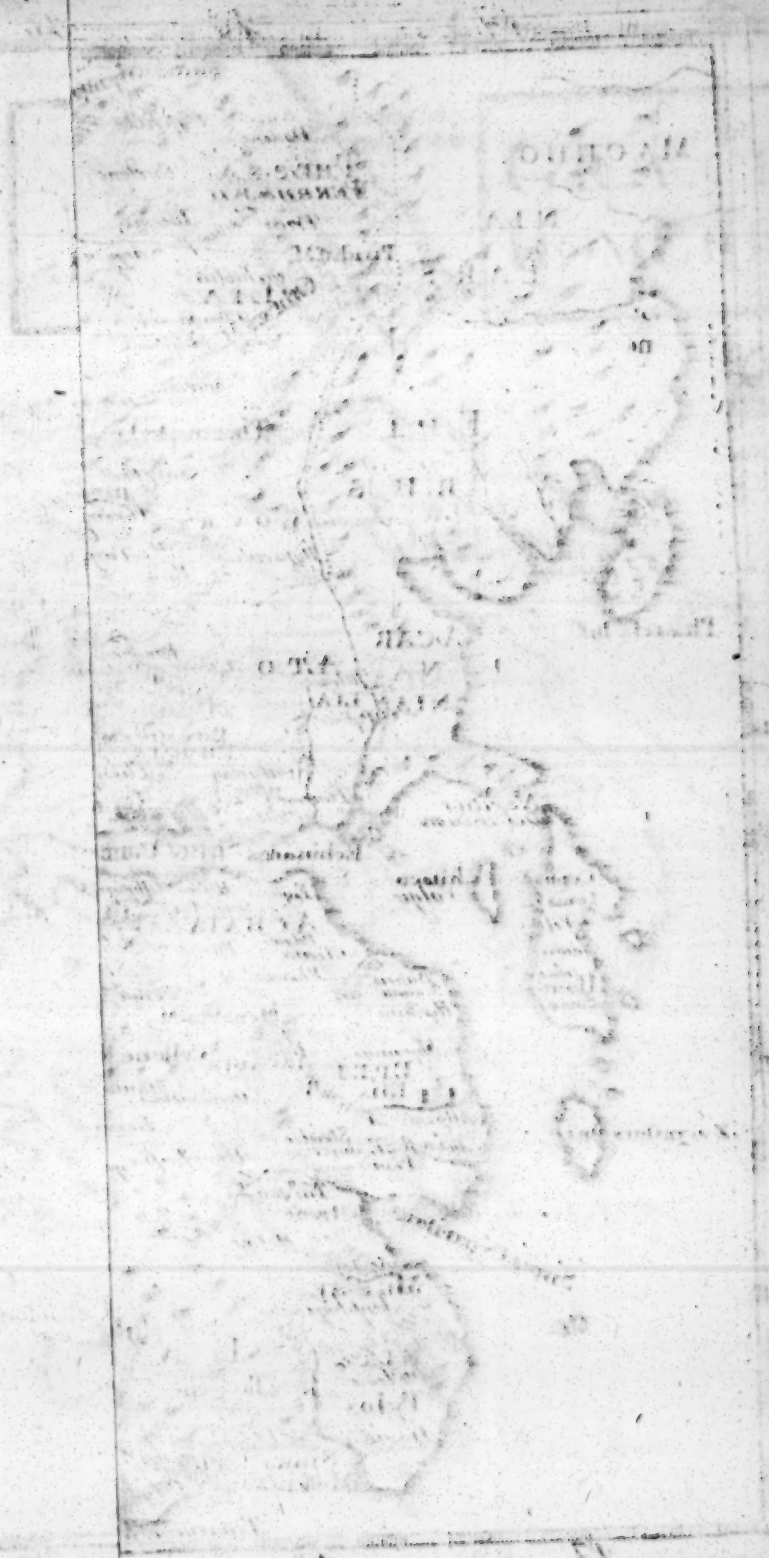
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground.
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound. 181

Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant flew:
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd; 185
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage,
Abas and Polydus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamas, who, wife and old, 190
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Tho' now determin'd by Tydides' spear. 195

Young Xanthus next, and Thoon felt his rage,
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares;
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years, 200
And leaves their father's unavailing tears:
To strangers now descends his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side. 205
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn, 210
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,
Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes. 215
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where,

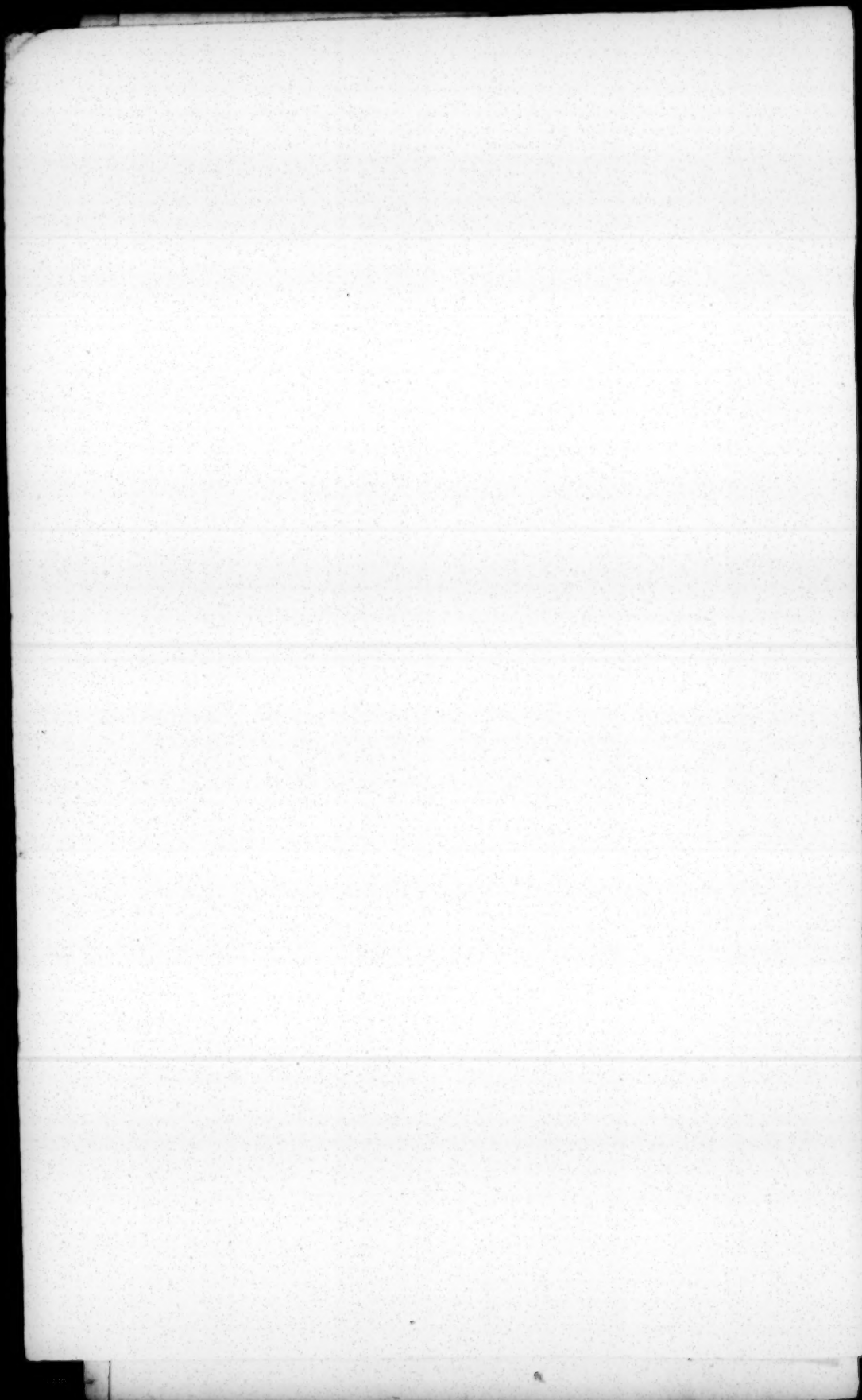




GRÆCIA HOMERICA

PHRYGIA cum Oris Maritimi s





Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
 Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
 Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrival'd fame, 220
 And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
 Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
 That wond'rous force by which whole armies fall;
 Or god incens'd, who quits the distant skies
 To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice; 225
 (Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
 For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
 Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with pray'r;
 If man, destroy; if god, intreat to spare.
 To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold, 230
 If right I judge, is Diomed the bold.
 Such courfers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
 So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
 If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise;
 Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies, 235
 Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
 And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
 I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
 The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,
 And, but some god, some angry god withstands, 240
 His fate was due to these unerring hands.
 Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
 Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
 Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
 And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome: 245
 There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
 And twice ten courfers wait their lord's command.
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
 When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250
 And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
 I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
 And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town: 255
 So took my bow, and pointed darts in hand,
 And left the chariots in my native land.
 Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.

Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found, 260
 And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.
 In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
 Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
 And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
 Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
 If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
 If e'er I see my spouse and fire again,
 'This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.
 To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
 Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
 'The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
 The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed. 275
 Against yon hero let us bend our course.
 And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
 Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
 Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
 Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,
 Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
 Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
 'The warrior's fury let this arm sustain; 285
 Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
 O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd),
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
 The horses practis'd to their lord's command, 290
 Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
 But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
 Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295
 Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
 Myself will charge this terror of the field.
 And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
 The bounding coursfers rush amidst the war.
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd, 300
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
 Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
 Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
 Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

305

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
 Me would'st thou move to base inglorious flight?
 Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

310

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
 And the long distance of the flying lance;
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.

315

Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
 Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.

320

But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
 Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;

325

Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
 And seize the couriers of ætherial breed.

The race of those, which once the thund'ring god
 For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

330

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown,
 By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
 And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.

335

These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
 Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
 And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

340

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung,
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
 He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries), 345
 Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!

Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
 Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
 Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
 With hostile blood shall glut the god of war. 350

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
 Which, driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
 The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fix't;
 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355
 'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
 The starting coursers tremble with affright;
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

To guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies,
 His spear extending where the carcase lies;
 Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
 And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields
 Hear'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields. 370
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
 He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to throw,
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.

Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains; 380
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.

There

There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade ;
But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love 385
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows, 390
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lins fail :
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands, 395
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands ;
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heav'nly courfers with the flowing manes : 400
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave),
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies :
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield, 410
Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall ;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
'Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends, 415
And at the goddess his broad lance extends ;
'Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove ;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god :
Pure emanation ! uncorrupted flood ;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood :

(For

(For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins).
 With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
 And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
 Him Phœbus took : he casts a cloud around
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound. 430

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
 The king insults the goddess as she flies.
 Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
 The field of combat is no scene for thee :
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
 Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
 Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The goddess, seiz'd with dread,
 Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440

To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.

The queen of love with faded charms she found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.

To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way ; 445
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay ;

Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.

Low at his knee she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450

And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.

Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein ;

She mounts the seat oppress'd with silent woe, 455
 Driv'n by the goddess of the painted bow.

The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.

There stopp'd the car, and there the courfers stood,
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food ; 460

Before her mother Love's bright queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears ;

She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
 And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed ?

Then she : This insult from no god I found, 465
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound !

Behold

Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
 The war with Troy no more the Græcians wage;
 But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage. 470

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
 And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share:
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
 And men with woes afflict the gods again.
 The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, 475

And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care
 Restor'd the groaning god to upper air. 480

Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
 Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
 Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' pow'r confess, 485

The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
 Where Pæon sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
 Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes, 491
 And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!

But thou (tho' Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends, 495
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,
 No infant on his knees shall call him sire.

Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground; 500
 Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
 The brave, the great, the glorious now no more!

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm 505
 The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
 Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
 And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid:

Permit

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
 How this mischance the Cyprian queen befel. 510
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame
 The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
 Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
 The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound, 515
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The fire of gods and men superior smil'd,
 And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
 Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares;
 Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars; 520
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms;
 To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n: while on the plain below
 The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
 Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525
 And fearless dar'd the threat'ning god of day;
 Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
 Tho' screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
 Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
 His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook; 530
 He try'd the fourth; when breaking from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
 How vast the diff'rence of the gods and thee;
 Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine 535
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires;
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540
 Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
 To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
 Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
 This done, the patron of the silver bow 545
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
 With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.

Mean

Mean time on Ilion's tow'r Apollo stood, 551
And calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging god:
Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattel'd wall,
Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes 555
Despatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;

Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal fire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

The god of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly, 565
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,

And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd: 570

Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part:
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd:

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, 575
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. 580

Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest, 585
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;

With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear: 590
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.

Haste,

Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state,
 Or one vast burst of all-involving fate
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away 595
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
 Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
 With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes. 600

Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
 But just reproof with decent silence bears.
 From his proud car the prince impetuous springs;
 On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
 Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands; 605
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight:
 They turn, they stand: the Greeks their fury dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war. 610

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
 Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
 And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
 The grey dust, rising with collected winds, 615
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds.

So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
 From trampling steeds, and thund'ring chari oers.
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
 And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. 620

Mars hovers o'er them with his fable shield,
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
 Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
 In Troy's defence Apollo's heav'nly will:
 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires, 625
 Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.

And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,
 Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;

Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound: 630

Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
 Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
 Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses bath'd in hostile blood.
Embody'd close, the lab'ring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640
So when th' embattel'd clouds in dark array
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the North his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, 645
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill,
Till the mists scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train;
From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain. 650
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 655
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance; 660
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field;
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell;
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid, 670
Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheus, plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he, 675
And these descended in the third degree.

Too early expert in the martial toil,
 In fable ships they left their native soil,
 T' avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,
 They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. 680
 So two young mountain-lions, nurs'd with blood
 In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
 Rush fearless to the plains, and, uncontroul'd,
 Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold,
 Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685
 O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
 Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
 Like mountain-firs, as tall and strait as they.
 Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690
 Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
 The god but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
 He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own,
 Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
 And all his country's glorious labours vain. 696
 Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;
 The spears already tremble in their hand:
 In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the Spartan king. 700
 These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
 The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew;
 Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.
 First Pykæmenes, great in battle, bled, 705
 Who, sheath'd in brass, the Paphlagonians led.
 Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
 Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
 The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
 His flying couriers, sunk to endless night: 710
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone;
 From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-studded reins,
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
 Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound; 715
 He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
 The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air;

Till trampled flat beneath the courfers feet,
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

720 }

Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks: the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.

725

Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head;
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light;
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shin'd, 730
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidcs paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes; 735
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last.
Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands; 740
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield;
Secure of fav'ring gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears! 745
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew, 750
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united dy'd. 755

Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear, with matchless fury sent,
'Thro' Amphius' belt and heaving belly went:

Amphius Apæfus' happy soil possess'd, 760
 With herds abounding, and with treasure blest'd;
 But Fate resistless from his country led
 The chief to perish at his people's head.
 Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
 And, fierce to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung: 765
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corps he prest,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd 770
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances and compacted shields;
 Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground. 775
 While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
 Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
 Jove's great descendant, and his greater son. 781
 Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,
 The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:
 What brings this Lycian counsellor so far
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? 785
 Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
 Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
 How far unlike those chiefs of race divine!
 How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!
 Jove got such heroes as my fire, whose soul 790
 No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
 Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
 Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town, a wide-deserted plain. 795
 But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground?
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go! 800
 I make this present to the shades below.

The

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spake. The Lycian king reply'd:

Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate; 805

Those heav'nly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war;
Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd
With base reproaches, and unmanly pride.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's flew: 815
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown 820
Thy angry lance, which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.

Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. 825

(His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
Thro' haste or danger, had not drawn the dart).

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, 830
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.

But Heav'n and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.

Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Hallius, strow'd the plain, 835

Alexander, Prytanis, Noëmon, fell,
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell:

But Hector saw, and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.

With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, 840
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corps, an unassisted prey;

If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd comfort, and my native shore, 845
Yet let me die in Ilium's sacred wall;

Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,
Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes, 850
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his finewy thigh. 855

The fainting soul stood ready-wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swum the shades of night;

But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death. 860

The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Tho' Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight;
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand? 865

Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For manag'd steeds, and Trechus, press'd the ground;
Next Oenomaus, and Oenop's offspring, dy'd:

Orestes last fell groaning at their side;
Orestes, in his painted mitre gay, 870

In fat Boeotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watry plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.
Oh sight accurst! shall faithless Troy prevail, 875
And shall our promise to our people fail?

How vain the word to Menelaus giv'n
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heav'n,
Beneath his arms that Priam's tow'rs shall fall, 880
If warring gods for ever guard the wall!

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke: Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car. 885

At

At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright Hebe waits ; by Hebe, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890
 Of sounding brass ; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame ;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the heav'n's produce ; and round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne :
 The car behind an arching figure bore ;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold, 900
 And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car
 The coursers join, and breathes revenge and war.
 Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil unty'd,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversity'd, 905
 (The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove),
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
 Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest ;
 Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast ;
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, 910
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dire, black, tremendous ! round the margin roll'd,
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold :
 Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, 915
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'er shading plumes ;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains 920
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
 The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends ;
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge, that, when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 925
 Swift as the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
 Commision'd in alternate watch they stand, 930
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
 The sounding hinges ring: on either side
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide. 935
 The chariot mounts, where, deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
 Where far apart the thund'rer fills his throne,
 O'er all the gods, superior and alone.
 There with her snowy hand the queen restrains 940
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:
 O fire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain!
 What rash destruction, and what heroes slain! 945
 Venus and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind
 No god can govern, and no justice bind.
 Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride, 950
 And drive from sight th' impetuous homicide?
 To whom assenting, thus the thund'rer said:
 Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
 To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
 And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955
 He said: Saturnia, ardent to obey,
 Lash'd her white steeds along th' ærial way.
 Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
 Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
 Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
 Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
 At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound.
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join. 965
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence,

Thence, to relieve the fainting Argive throng, 970
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand;
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood. 975

Heav'n's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud;
Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame, 980
And only men in figure and in name!

Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
While, fierce in war, divine Achilles rag'd;
Now, issuing fearless, they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain. 985

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart, 990

(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart),
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulders lay,
He eas'd, and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
The goddess, leaning o'er the bending yoke
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

Degen'rate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share, 1000
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.

Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,
And feast encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd and vanquish'd many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight. 1005

Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. 1011
Not

Not fear, thou know'st, with-holds me from the plains,
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
And Venus only found resistance here. 1015

Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva: Brave Tydides, hear! 1020
Not Mars himself nor ought immortal fear.

Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries; 1025
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends, 1030
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.

The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a hero, and so great a god.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse: 1035
But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The god who slew him leaves his prostrate prize 1040
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.

Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear
The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars his arm th' enormous weapon fled: 1045

Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The jav'lin hiss'd; the goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round, 1050
It pierc'd the god: his groin receiv'd the wound.

From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain;

Loud

Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field. 1055
Both armies start, and, trembling, gaze around;
And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.

As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise, 1060

Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;

In such a cloud the god from combat driv'n,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.

Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There fullen sat beneath the fire of gods, 1065

Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan

Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?

For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage, 1070

And gods on gods exert eternal rage.

From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,

And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:

Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,

Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075

All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,

Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:

'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share

Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:

So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080

Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,

Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand:

The heav'nly Venus first his fury found;

Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound: 1085

Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I, the god of fight,

From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.

Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,

Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!

Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages ly, 1090

Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look

The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.

To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?

Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain? 1095

Of

Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells, 1100
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
 In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;
 She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
 Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn, 1104
 Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born.
 Else, singe'd with lightning, had'st thou hence been
 thrown,
 Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
 Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
 Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
 As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
 Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
 Such, and so soon, th' æthereal texture join'd. 1115
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
 Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior lord.
 Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes, 1120
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

T H E
I L I A D:
B O O K VI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to intreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and, having taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th'immortals yield
To human force, and human skill, the field:
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd streams *, that bound the deathful
plain, 5

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found;
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest,
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest

* Scamander and Simo's.

Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
 Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15
 Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :
 In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
 He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
 Fast by the road, his ever-open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20
 To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
 His faithful servant, old Calestus, dy'd.
 By great Euryalus was Drefus slain, 25
 And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung :
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ; 30
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace).
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms :
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
 Astyalus by Polypætès fell ; 35
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell :
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon ble'd,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
 Who held in Pedusus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
 Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a Tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ; 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks, beside the wheel :
 Atreides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;

The

The fallen chief, in suppliant posture, prest
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address. 55

Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;
When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain, 60
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75

To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch spokē; the words with warmth address.
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart.
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; 90
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast;
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay 95
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,

On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100
 Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves here fix'd will make the dang'rous stand;
 Press'd as we are and fore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Mean while, thou Hector to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the gods require:
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddesses' honour'd knees be spread; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, 121
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.
 Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound, 125
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe; 130
 Fierce on the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears.
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
 Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless Dardans hear!
 And you whom distant nations send to war! 136
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.

One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall : 140
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train,
And rev'rend elders, seek the gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulders cast,
His neck o'er shading, to his ancle hung ; 145
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met : the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field :
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires ?
But if from heav'n, celestial, thou descend ;
Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mixt with gods in fight ;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove,
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165

With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above), 170

Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,

A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods !
I brave not heav'n : but if the fruits of earth 175
Sustains thy life, and human be thy birth ;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
(Reply'd the chief), can Tydeus' son inquire ? 180

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;
 So generations in their course decay, 185
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd), 190
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possess,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd. 200
 For him, Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame;
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, 205
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed;
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;

Her

Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies, 225
And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) ;
'Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvest crown'd.
'There long the chief his happy lot possess'd, 241
With two brave sons, and one fair daughter blest'd,

(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes ; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove) :
But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,

Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ; 250
His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came ;
The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
By his decree I fought the Trojan town, 255
By his instructions learn to win renown,
'To stand the first in worth as in command,
'To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty fire to place,
And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd :
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !

Thus

Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandfires have been guests of old;
 Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
 Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites we pass'd. 270

The parting heroes mutual presents left;
 A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift;
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board: 276

For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280 }
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd, 290
 Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarg'd his mind),
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price),
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295.

Mean time, the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons, and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods t' avert the impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came.
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame; 305
 O'er

O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. 311
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.

(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race). 315
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hands, and tender thus begun.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around. }
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts, (the chief rejoin'd); }
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330 }
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great fire polluted praise;
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 • Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.

Be

Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race !
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355

This heard, she gave command ; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures, of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes,
 The various textures, and the various dyes, 365

She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful goddess ! ever dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! 385
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane ;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Himself

Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Assembling architects of matchless art. 390

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395

The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus ent'ring in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose usefess arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the splendid show, 400
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke. 405
'Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share? 415
Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just, (reply'd the beauteous youth),
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief! 420
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd in secret, his, and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough; now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son: 430
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day, that show'd me to the golden sun, 435
Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?
Heav'n till'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: 445
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: this time forbids to rest: 450
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me ere I leave the walls. 455
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land 460
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
'There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,

Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
 Or fought her sisters in the Trojan court?
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train),
 Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard and trembled for her absent lord:
 Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
 Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state, 490
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir;
 (Cicilian Thebe great Aetion's sway'd,
 And Hippoplacas' wide extended shade): 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
 Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire! 525
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
 The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd; 531
 Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
 By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell; 535
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's silvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee. 545
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
 Thou, from this tow'r, defend th' important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

Let

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care, 560
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How wou'd the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the
ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame! 565
My early youth was bred to martial pains;
My soul impels me to th' embattel'd plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates; 570
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates)!
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
Not Priam's hoary hairs desil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design, 580

And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife! 585
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.

The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I ly cold before that dreadful day, 590
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
 'The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 'Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:

O thou, whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!

So when, triumphant from successful toils 610
 Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, This chief transcends his father's fame;
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 'The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 'The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.

No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more—but hasten to thy task at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene;
 'The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes; 640
 His

His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look; then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace-wall,
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus, with reins unboud,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted traces,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuſſs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſlay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy pow'r in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſtoth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake, in war.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to heav'n and liberty;
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumph mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her ſeas returns.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K VII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The single combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scaean gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain, and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

SO spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scaean gate.

Him

Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
 Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
 As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main, 5
 That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
 Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
 So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
 The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again. 10

Bold Paris first the work of death begun,
 On great Menestheus, Arcithous' son:
 Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
 The pleasing Arne was his native place.
 Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below; 15
 Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
 Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand,
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
 By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; 20
 Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves, unbound,
 Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
 From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
 Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight, 25
 Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
 Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
 When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? 30
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
 To give to Greece the long divided day?
 Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
 This day the bus'ness of the field suspend: 35
 War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
 Since vengeful goddesses confed'rate join
 To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
 I left, for this, the council of the skies; 40
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
 To her the god: Great Hector's soul incite
 To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,

Till

'Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show 45
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew ;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew ;
Hector inspir'd he sought ; to him address'd,
'Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast. 50

O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
'The warring nations to suspend their rage ;
'Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
To mortal combat on the list'd plain.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;
'The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said : the warrior heard the word with joy ;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 60
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand

The squadrons part ; th' expecting Trojans stand.
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear ;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day, 65
With silent joy the settling hosts survey :
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. 70
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
(Soft zephyr curling the wide watry plain),
'The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps :
Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

Hear all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose, 81
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
'Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks ! appear ; 85
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear :

From

From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain; 90
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands, and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
If mine the glory to despoil the foe; 95
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, 100
Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
The stone shall tell the vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard, 105
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaus first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace. 110
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay! 115
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest: 120
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand!
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd 125
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.
Whither, O Menelaus! would'st thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?

Griev'd

Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design ;
 Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine. 130
 Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
 And trembling met this dreadful son of war.

Sit thou secure amidst thy social band ;
 Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.
 The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,
 Content the doubtful honour might forego,
 So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind ;
 He sloop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140
 No longer bent to rush on certain harms ;
 His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lip divine persuasion flows,
 Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose,
 Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame
 Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name ? 146

How shall, alas ! her hoary heroes mourn
 Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn ?
 What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
 Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old ! 150

Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire !
 Gods ! should he see our warriors trembling stand, 155

And trembling all before one hostile hand ;
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die !
 Oh ! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove ! 160

Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew :
 When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall,
 I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
 And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd, 165
 Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.

There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
 Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield ;
 Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore ; 170

No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175
Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd;
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consigns the prize. 180
Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay:
All saw and fear'd his huge tempestuous sway;
'Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd, 185
And youngest met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, oh were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe. 190
But warriors, you that youthful vigour boast,
The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame; 195
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Upstart'd fierce: but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd: 200
Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.

The

The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
 Grant, thou almighty! in whose hand is fate, 215
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state.

This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
 Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.

Old Nestor shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,
 Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry Greek desir'd. 220

This from the right to left the herald bears,
 Held out in order to the Grecian peers:
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
 Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own,
 Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
 Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
 To Saturn's son be all your vows address: 230

But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
 And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
 Said I in secret? No, your vows declare
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air:
 Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread, 235
 Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
 And, born to combats, fear no force of earth.

He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
 Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies: 240
 O father of mankind, superior lord!

On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
 Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone;
 Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away 245
 The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;

Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
 That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
 Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone: 250
 He moves to combat with majestic pace;
 So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
 When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god; 255
 Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
 His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
 He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
 Thro' ev'ry Argive heart new transport ran;
 All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man: 260
 Ev'n Hector paus'd, and, with new doubt oppress'd,
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
 Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield, 265
 As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.
 Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercaft,
 Of tough bull hides; of solid brass the last;
 (The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,
 And all in arts of armoury excell'd). 270

This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
 And, threat'ning, thus his adverse chief address'd:
 Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
 What strength thou hast, and what thy Grecian foe.
 Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are, 275
 Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:

Let him, unactive, on the sea-beat shore,
 Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
 Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
 No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
 (To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd),
 Me, as a boy or woman, wouldst thou fright, 285
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war; 290
 To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battle on my founding shield.
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and, rising, high above the field 295
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.

Full on the brass, descending from above,
 Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
 'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw:
 Thro' Hector's shield the forceful jav'list flew, 300
 His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
 And, glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
 The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
 From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew: 306
 Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
 At Ajax Hector his long lance extends;
 The blunted point against the buckler bends. 310
 But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
 Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
 It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
 Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
 Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down, 315
 In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
 Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
 Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320
 Apply'd each nerve, and, swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous let the ruin fly;
 The huge stone, thund'ring, thro' his buckler broke:
 His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;
 Great Hector falls extended on the field, 325
 His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
 Nor wanted heav'nly aid; Apollo's might
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
 And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew; 330
 But then by heralds voice the word was giv'n,
 The sacred ministers of earth and heav'n:
 Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
 Between the swords, their peaceful sceptres rear'd; 335
 And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
 Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
 Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.

To either host your matchless worth is known,
 Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own. 340
 But now the night extends her awful shade;
 The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
 O sage! to Hector be these words address'd:
 Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight, 345
 Let him demand the sanction of the night;
 If first he ask it, I content obey,
 And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.

Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd),
 Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind, 350
 With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
 Now martial law commands us to forbear;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war.
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
 And let the gods decide of death or life! 355
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
 Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
 As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, 360
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.
 But let us, on this memorable day,

Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
 "Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend,
 "And each brave foe was in his soul a friend." 365

With that a sword, with stars of silver grac'd,
 The baldric fludded, and the sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
 Then with majestic grace they quit the plain; 570
 This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
 And hail with joy the champion of their state:
 Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
 Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound. 375
 To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.

A steer for sacrifice the king design'd, 380
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
 The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare:
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share. 385
 The king himself (an honorary sign)
 Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
 When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
 Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest, 390
 In words like these his prudent thought express'd:
 How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost!
 What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
 What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
 What crowds of heroes sunk to rise no more! 395
 Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeathe.
 From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear, 400
 And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd, 405
 High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
 Next, to secure our camp and naval pow'rs,
 Raise an embattel'd wall with lofty tow'rs;
 From space to space be ample gates around,
 For passing chariots, and a trench profound.
 So Greece to combat shall in safety go, 410
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
 'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;
 The scepter'd kings of Greece his words approv'd.
 Mean while, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
 The Trojan peers in nightly council sat: 415
 A senate void of order as of choice,
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
 Antenor, rising, thus demands their ear:
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
 'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires, 420
 And I but move what ev'ry god requires:
 Let

Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,
 And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
 Our impious battles the just gods provoke. 425
 As this advice ye practise or reject,
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and sat. To whom reply'd
 The graceful husband of the Spartan bride:
 Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years, 430
 But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
 Old man, if, void of fallacy or art,
 Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
 Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n;
 But wisdom has its date assign'd by heav'n. 435
 Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
 Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;
 My treasures too for peace I will resign;
 But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose, 440
 Slow from his seat the rev'rend Priam rose:
 His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
 He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands: 445
 Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
 Till the new sun restores the cheerful light:
 Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
 Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
 Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn 450
 Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
 And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste
 (Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455
 Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
 To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
 There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
 He rais'd his voice: the host stood list'ning round.

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear! 460
 The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch hear.
 Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)
 What Paris, author of the war, declares.

The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore), 465
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.

But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn 470
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke. 475
Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
'Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name, 480
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corps; I war not with the dead: 485
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high:
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay 490
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Strait to their sev'ral cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore, 496
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.

And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day, 500
And tip'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore. 505
The

The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
 And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.
 Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
 The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
 And sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd. 511

Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
 The cold remains consume with equal care;
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515

Now, ere the morn had streak'd with redd'ning light
 The doubtful confines of the day and night;
 About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
 And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.

'Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs, 520
 They rais'd embattel'd walls with lofty tow'rs:
 From space to space were ample gates around,
 For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
 Of large extent; and deep in earth below
 Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe. 525

So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the gods above,
 In shining circle round their father Jove,
 Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man:
 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began.

What mortals henceforth shall our pow'r adore, 530
 Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
 If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
 Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
 See the long walls extending to the main,
 No god consulted, and no victim slain! 535
 Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
 Wide as the morn her golden beam extends.

While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
 Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring gods,
 Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep. 540
 Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
 That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.
 Strong god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make
 The solid earth's eternal basis shake! 545
 What cause of fear from mortal works could move
 The meanest subject of our realms above?

Where-

Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
 Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
 But yon proud work no future age shall view, 550
 No trace remain where once the glory grew:
 The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
 And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
 Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
 The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 555
 Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the Grecian train,
 The rolling sun descending to the main,
 Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulks they slew:
 Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.
 And now the fleet arriv'd from Lemnos' strands, 560
 With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the gen'rous bands.
 Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
 A thousand measures to the royal tent.
 (Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
 To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore). 565
 The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
 And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
 Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
 Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave. 569
 All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan pow'rs;
 Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.
 But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
 And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade:
 Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,
 While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall. 575
 Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd,
 And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
 Then late refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
 Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K VIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The second battle, and the distress of the Greeks.

JUPITER assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side; *Minerva* only obtains of him, that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; *Jupiter* on mount *Ida* weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. *Nestor* alone continues in the field in great danger; *Diomed* relieves him; whose exploits, and those of *Hector*, are excellently described. *Juno* endeavours to animate *Neptune* to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of *Teucer*, who is at length wounded by *Hector*, and carried off. *Juno* and *Minerva* prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by *Iris*, sent from *Jupiter*. The night puts an end to the battle. *Hector* continues in the field, (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.

The

The fire of gods his awful silence broke ; 5
 The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.
 Celestial states, immortal gods ! give ear,
 Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear ;
 The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move ;
 Thou, fate ! fulfil it ; and, ye powers ! approve. 10
 What god but enters yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield ;
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n :
 Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown, 15
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' æthereal world. 20
 Let him who tempts me dread those dire abodes ;
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of gods.
 League all your forces then, ye pow'r's above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove :
 Let down our golden everlasting chain, 25
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth, [main :
 To drag, by this, the thund'rer down to earth :
 Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ; 30
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
 For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
 And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.
 Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs reply, 35
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky ;
 Trembling they stood before their sov'reign's look ;
 At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of Wisdom, spoke.
 Oh first and greatest ! God, by gods ador'd !
 We own thy might, our father, and our lord ! 40
 But ah ! permit to pity human state :
 If not to help, at least lament their fate.
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
 With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain ;
 Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move, 45
 Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.

The

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd :
Then call'd his courfers, and his chariot took ;
The steadfast firmament beneath them shook : 50
Rapt by th' ætherial steeds the chariot roll'd ;
Brafs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heav'n's undrossy gold the god's array,
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

High on the throne he shines: his courfers fly 55
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game),
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd: 60
There, from his radiant car, the sacred fire
Of gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd ;
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd ;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys, 65
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rouz'd as soon ; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay. 70
The gates, unfolding, pour forth all their train ;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain :
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground ;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd, 75
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ; 80
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light ;
Commual death the fate of war confounds, 85
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
The fire of gods his golden scales suspends,

With

With equal hand; in these explor'd the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies 91
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
 Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls; 95
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
 The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.
 Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war; 100
 Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
 Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd; for Paris' dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part;
 Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing mane 105
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it flung him to the brain:
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110
 When dreadful Hector, thund'ring thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
 But Diomed beheld: from forth the crowd 115
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?
 Oh slight unworthy great Laertes' son!
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air;
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes, 125
 A single warrior midst a host of foes;
 Before the couriers with a sudden spring
 He leap'd, and, anxious, thus bespoke the king:
 Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
 These younger champions will oppress thy might. 130

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
 Weak is thy servant, and thy couriers flow.
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 135
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
 These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
 With these against yon Trojans will we go,
 Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe; 140
 Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car;
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold; 145
 Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold.
 The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
 Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
 Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear. 150
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
 But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
 His op'ning hand in death forsakes the rein;
 The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
 Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd, 155
 Yet, unreveng'd, permits to press the field;
 'Till to supply his place, and rule the car,
 Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;
 Like tim'rous flocks the Trojans in their wall 160
 Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
 Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue:
 The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight; 165
 And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
 He dropp'd the reins, and, shook with sacred dread,
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
 O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence. 170
 This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies
 Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.

Some other fun may see the happier hour,
 When Greece shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move: 175
 The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O rev'rend prince! (Tydides thus replies),
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise;
 But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180

Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth, and hide a warrior's shame.
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd:
 Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
 Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast? 185 }
 Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host, }
 Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
 Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.

He said, and, hasty, o'er the gasping throng 190
 Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.

The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
 The storm of hissing jav'lins pours behind.
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies. 195

Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the rest
 In seats of council, and the sumptuous feast:
 Now hope no more these honours from thy train;
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames, 200
 To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince, are fled;
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his courfers, and to stand the fight; 205
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
 On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.

Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
 (The sign of conquest), and thus urg'd the fight:

Hear, ev'ry Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, 210
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
 Your great forefathers glories, and your own.

Heard

Heard ye the voice of Jove? success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. 215

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.

Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand, 220

Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke: 225

Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And thou, Podargus! prove thy gen'rous race:

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230

Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aetion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.

Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold; 235

From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god:

These if we gain, then victory, ye pow'rs!

This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul; 240

She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:

And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make

The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,

See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,

Nor swells thy heart is that immortal breast? 245

Yet Ægæ, Helice, thy pow'r obey,

And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.

Would all the deities of Greece combine,

In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine!

Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend, 250

And see his Trojans to the shades descend:

Such be the scene from his Idæan bow'r;

Ungrateful prospect to the sullen pow'r!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:

What rage, what madness, furious queen, is thine?

I war not with the Highest. All above 256
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields 260
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,

A dreadful front! they shake the bands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265

The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.

Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.

High on the midmost bark the king appear'd; 270
There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard.

To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.

Oh Argives! shame of human race; he cry'd,
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd), 275

Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?

Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;

But who to meet one martial man is found, 280
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?

O mighty Jove? oh fire of the distress'd!
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?

With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain! 285

To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims gore?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.

Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand; 290
Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,

And save the relicks of the Grecian land! }

Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great Father
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd; [heard

The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.

His

His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n! he sent,
 A fawn his talons trufs'd, (divine portent!)
 High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove; 300
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;
 The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on Troy, with doubled fury drive.
 Tydides first, of all the Grecian force, 305
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with Trojan gore.
 Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire)
 With flying couriers shunn'd his dreadful ire: 310
 Struck thro' the back, the Phrygian fell oppress;
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed; 315
 Th'Atridæ first, th'Ajaces next succeed:
 Meriones, like Mars, in arms renown'd,
 And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound;
 Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young Teucer with his bended bow. 320
 Secure behind the Telamonian shield
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
 With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim slew,
 Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew:
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
 Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead: 330
 The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,
 With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:
 Bold Hamopaon breathless sunk to ground;
 The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335
 A Trojan ghost attending ev'ry dart.
 Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye,
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:

Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd),
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth he try'd; 340
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
 Thy country's favour, and thy father's boast!
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
 The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace.
 Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame, 345
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
 Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs
 Give me to raze Troy's long-defended tow'rs;
 Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
 The next rich honorary gift be thine: 350
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war,
 Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.
 To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire, 355
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
 What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
 Till ev'ry shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
 Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow: 360
 Eight fork'y arrows from this hand have fled,
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead;
 But sure some god denies me to destroy
 This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
 He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
 At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: 366
 He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
 And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
 (Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
 This offspring added to king Priam's line.) 370
 As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;
 So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
 Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
 Another shaft the raging archer drew: 375
 That other shaft with erring fury flew,
 (From Hector Phæbus turn'd the flying wound),
 Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
 Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
 And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380
 Headlong

Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
 The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
 Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
 All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
 Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, 385
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
 Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
 And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
 The shaft already to his shoulder drew; 390
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
 There, where the juncture knits the channel-bone,
 The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:
 The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow, 395
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
 He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
 And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
 Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400
 Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian fire,
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.
 The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
 Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
 First of the foe great Hector march'd along, 405
 With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.
 As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels: 410
 Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
 Thus following Hector still the hindmost flew.
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
 Before the ships a desperate stand they made, 415
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
 Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
 His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
 That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood,
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god! 420
 Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
 Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:

Oh

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the fable shield!
 Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
 And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate!
 Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all!
 What numbers fell? what numbers yet shall fall? 430
 What pow'r divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!
 So spake th' imperial regent of the skies;
 To whom the goddesses with the azure eyes:
 Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore, 435
 Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
 But he above, the Sire of heav'n, withstands,
 Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward: 440
 Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite son *, distress'd
 By stern Euristheus, with long labours press'd?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of gods,
 At Thetis' suit the partial thund'rer nods. 450
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
 Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best-belov'd.
 Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride; 455
 Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
 Then goddesses! say, shall Hector glory then,
 (That Terror of the Greeks, that man of men),
 When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war? 460
 What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore? }

* Hercules.

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
 (Heav'n's awful empress, Saturn's other heir): 465
 Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.

The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends;
 Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;
 Huge, pond'rous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 475

Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;
 Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.
 Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours,
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
 Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
 Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
 The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
 Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they guide.
 But Jove, incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, 486
 And thus injoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;
 Against the Highest who shall wage the war?
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490
 Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
 My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
 And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground, 495
 Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
 So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
 Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
 For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500
 She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
 From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
 To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
 There meets the chariot rushing down the skies, 505
 Restrains

Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of gods.

What frenzy, goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?

Desist, obedient to his high command; 510

This is his word: and know his word shall stand.

His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl ye headlong flaming to the ground:

Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,

Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky; 515

Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 520

She claims some title to transgress his will:

But thee, what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,

To lift thy lance against the King of heav'n?

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,

She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd. 525

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield

Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!

No more let beings of superior birth

Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:

Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530

They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.

But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find,

And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,

Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright. 535

The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot propt against the crystal walls.

The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controll'd, 540

Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight

From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.

Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,

Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545

'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,

And fix the car on its immortal base;

There

There stood the chariot beaming forth its rays,
'Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.

He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, sat thron'd in gold. 550

High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
And, wide beneath him, all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd. 560

But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who shall the sov'reign of the skies controul?

Not all the gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake. 565

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
What pow'r soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come. 570

Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies.

What hast thou said, oh tyrant of the skies!
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone. 575

For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580

With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our councils still their breasts may move,
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.

The goddess thus: and thus the God replies,
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies: 585

The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.

What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.

Nor

Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight, 590
 The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
 Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
 That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
 For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course 595
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.

Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
 Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
 Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell; 600
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
 No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;
 There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
 And arm in vain; for what I will, shall stand.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
 The conqu'ring Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
 The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
 A martial council near the navy walls: 610
 These to Scamander's bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
 Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
 Attend his order, and their prince surround.
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
 The noble Hector on his lance reclin'd,
 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind. 620

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
 Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous aids give ear!
 This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame
 Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame:
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
 Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
 Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.
 Strait from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
 And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.
 Wide

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
 Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,
 The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
 Till the bright morn her purple beams displays;
 Lest in the silence and the shades of night,
 Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
 Not unmolested let the wretches gain
 Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
 Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
 Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,
 And warn their children from a Trojan war.
 Now thro' the circuit of our Ilian wall,
 Let sacred heralds found the solemn call;
 To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,
 And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
 Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:
 Lest under covert of the midnight shade,
 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.
 Suffice, to night, these orders to obey;
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
 The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
 From these detested foes to free the land,
 Who plow'd, with fates averse, the wat'ry way;
 For Trojan vultures a destin'd prey.
 Our common safety must be now the care;
 But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
 Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
 And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.
 Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
 Whose fates are heaviest in the scale of Jove.
 To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
 Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,
 With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd,
 And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
 Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
 From age inglorious, and black death secure;
 So might my life and glory know no bound,
 Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
 Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd, 675
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore. 680
 Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan tow'rs;
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
 The troops exulting sat in order round, 685
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud, o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tipt with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, 695
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the fight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays: 700
 The long reflection of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.
 Loud neigh the courfers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K IX.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. *Diomed* opposes this, and *Nestor* seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. *Agamemnon* pursues this advice, and *Nestor* farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to *Achilles*, in order to move him to a reconciliation. *Ulysses* and *Ajax* are made choice of, who are accompanied by old *Phœnix*. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by *Achilles*, who notwithstanding retains *Phœnix* in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth, 5
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toft;
Such various passions urg'd the troubled host. 10

O 2

Great

Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest ;
 Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast ;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
 But bid in whispers, these surround their chief, 15
 In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.

The king amidst the mournful circle rose ;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows ;
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
 In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd ;
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.

Ye sons of Greece ! partake your leader's care,
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war !
 Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25
 And heav'nly oracles believed in vain ;
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils :
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
 So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all !

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
 Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
 Haste to the joys our native country yields ;
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

He said ; deep silence held the Grecian band,
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
 A pensive scene ! till Tydeus' warlike son
 Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
 First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
 If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold, 45
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might :
 Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
 The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard. 50
 The gods, O chief ! from whom our honours spring,
 The gods have made thee but by halves a king ;

They

They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,
 The noblest pow'r that might the world controul 55
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggeſt
 Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breaſt ?
 Conſiding in our want of worth, he ſtand^s,
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60
 Go thou inglorious ! from th' embattled plain ;
 Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main,
 A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
 Here Greece ſhall ſtay ; or if all Greece retire, 65
 Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire ;
 Myſelf, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame ;
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
 He ceaſ'd ; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
 And voice to voice reſounds Tydides' praiſe. 70
 Wiſe Neſtor then his rev'rend figure rear'd ;
 He ſpoke : the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.
 O truly great ! in whom the gods have join'd
 Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind ;
 In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75
 Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
 Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
 Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
 Kings thou canſt blame ; a bold, but prudent youth ;
 And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
 And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run, 81
 Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,
 A thought unfiniſh'd in that gen'rous mind ;
 Age bids me ſpeak ; nor ſhall th' advice I bring 85
 Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king :
 Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
 Unworthy property, unworthy light,
 Unfit for public rule, or private care ;
 That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war : 90
 Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
 To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy !
 This night, reſreſh and fortify thy train ;
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain :

Be that the duty of the young and bold; 95
 But thou, O king, to council call the old:
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
 With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
 See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light, 105
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to-night?
 This dreadful interval determines all;
 To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.
 Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way. 110
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
 'The gen'rous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
 Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, flood,
 'The double offspring of the warrior-god.
 Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join, 115
 And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
 Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
 'The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall. 120
 The king of men, on public counsels bent,
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
 Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd, 125
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.
 Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
 The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n. 130
 O king! the counsels of my age attend;
 With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
 Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135
 And ratify the best for public good.

Nor

Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past; 140
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and, faithful, durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king. With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
Here, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame: 160
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course:
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed):
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms.
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid; 170
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear these charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she staid, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs 175
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.

Besides.

Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace ; 180
 Such as himself will chuse ; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther : when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shall he live, my son, our honours share, 185
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed ;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair ; 190
 Her let him chuse, whom most his eyes approve,
 I ask no presents, no reward for love :
 Myself will give the dow'r ; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway ; 195
 Him Enope, and Pheræ him obey,
 Cordamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd ;
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields : 200
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil ;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil ;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around. 206
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs, 210
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey ;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
 The monarch thus : the rev'rend Nestor then : 215
 Great Agamemnon ! glorious king of men !
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent : 220
 Let

Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage;
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands. 226

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230

The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wife Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most, 235

To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmur'ing billows on the sounding shore.

To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, 240

They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.

And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay,
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;

Amus'd, at ease, the godlike man they found, 245
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame);

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. 250

Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:

Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.

Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.

Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.

With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;

Welcome,

Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
'Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
'Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said; Patroclus, o'er the blazing fire, 271
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines intire:

The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.

Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280

Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in fight, 285
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.

The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290

That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests! 295
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
'Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300
What scenes of slaughter in yon field appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands:

Troy

Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call; 305
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs. 310
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 See! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes! }
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name. 315
 Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late, 320
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last.
 My child! with strength, with glory, and success, 330
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe; 335
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine.—
 This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs, 340
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold; 345
 Sev'n

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course:
 (Rich were the man whose ampler stores exceed 350
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed),
 Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms. 355
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes, 360
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs
 Give to our arms proud Ilions' hostile tow'rs,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
 Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
 Such as thyself shall chuse; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er, 370
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Orestes' self divide his care.
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed; 375
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair.
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:
 Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store, 380
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
 Thee Enope, and Pheræ thee obey,
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd: 385
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields:

The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395
But if all this relentless thou disdain,
If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suffering country claim, 400
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405
Then thus the goddess-born. Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain, 410
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend; 415
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In search of prey she wings the spacious air, 426
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd;

Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possessest;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made;
 I only must refund, of all his train; 440
 See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy? 454
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve, 450
 Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.
 Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought; 465
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore, 470
 Then

Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
 Pthia to her Achilles shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore;
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd; the fair Lyrnellian slave.
 Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies);
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join: 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495
 Not tho' he posses'd all himself posselt,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
 Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain, 500
 The worlds great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
 And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars); 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call,
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;

Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. 515
 If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife;
 Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away, 520
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
 There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold, 525
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
 Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
 Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
 And ſteeds unrival'd on the duſty plain:
 But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled, 530
 Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
 My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
 Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown: 535
 If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
 For years on years, and long extended days.
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make:
 To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy, 540
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
 Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
 Go then, to Greece report our fixt deſign;
 Bid all your counſels, all your armies join, 545
 Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
 To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye ſind, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
 Go then—diſgeſt my meſſage as ye may— 550
 But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix ſtay;
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.

But

But whether he remain or fail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555.

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose;
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows);
And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he mourn'd, 560.
With accent weak these tender words return'd.

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire!
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind? 565.
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host,
'Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war; 570.

'To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah, never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
'The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575.
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames.
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)

My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580.

'To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.
My fire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow. 585.

Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?
I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress'd)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breast:
Then meditate my flight: my friends in vain 590.

With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain;
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
'They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd and watch'd nine nights
intire;

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire. 595

The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all;
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
 In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
 Your sire receiv'd me, as his son cares'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd: 605
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Th' infant breast a like affection show'd;
 Still in my arms, (an ever-pleasing load),
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix wouldst thou stand; 610
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;
 The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee: 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill-suits a manly mind:
 The gods (the only great, and only wise) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face; 625
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where Injustice flies:
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind. }
 While pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. }
 Who hears these daughters of Almighty Jove, 631
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The sire revenges for the daughters sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

Oh

Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling goddesses obey:
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong;
 Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong. 640
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king,
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
 But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends, 645
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old; 650
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
 To guard it those, to conquer, these advance; 655
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
 The silver Cynthia bade contention rise,
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
 On Oeneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore: 660
 This beast, (when many a chief his tusk had slain),
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
 Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 665
 While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd:
 Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best).

Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
 " (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
 " And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
 " The god of day ador'd the mother's charms;
 " Against the god the father bent his arms;
 " Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675
 " From Cleopatra chang'd his daughter's name,
 " And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
 " The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe)." To

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate: 680
 Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound, 685
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the gods, and elders of the land; 690
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
 Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd).
 His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came; 695
 His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,
 Althæa sues; his friends before him fall;
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all:
 Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
 The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise; 700
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd: 705
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire: 710
 Accept the presents; draw thy conqu'ring sword;
 And be amongst our guardian gods ador'd.
 Thus he: the stern Achilles thus reply'd.
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide:
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands, 715
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will continues:
 And here I stay (if such his high behest)
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast. 720
 Yet

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows, 725
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our int'rests, and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a gen'rous part,
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart. 730
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. 740
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
One just atonement, we remit the deed;
A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; 745
The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield. 750
One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host, 755
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

O soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd),
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame: 760
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!

Return

Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care;
 Not till amidst yon sinking navy slain, 765
 The blood of Greeks shall dye the fable main;
 Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
 Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;
 Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
 Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed, 775
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
 There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
 In slumbers sweet the rev'rend Phoenix lay.
 But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
 Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace } 780
 Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd:
 Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
 When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785

And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
 Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands
 Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun. 790

Say what success? divine Laertes' son!
 Achilles' high resolves declare to all;
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd),
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride; 795
 He slight's thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
 And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.

To save our army, and our fleets to free,
 Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
 Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
 Beneath his oars the whit'ning billows fly, 801
 Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy;

For

For Jove o'er shades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805

Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree, 810
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815

Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820

Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs; 825

(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food);
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830

In flaming arms, a long-extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays; 835
Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K X.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Night-adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprize Delon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by light'nings Jove's ethereal pow'r
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;

5

By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow, 15
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,
And swears to him that ever lives above: 20
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves,
To seek sage Nestor now, the chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate 25
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he descri'd,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side. 40
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try you camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
But say, what hero shall sustain that task? 45
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideless, alone, thro' night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe?
To whom the king. In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand; 50

Q

Greece

Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
 For Jove averse our humble pray'r denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun?
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
 Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born, 60
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
 Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
 Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son, with Merion, o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
 Say, shall I stay, or with despatch return? 70
 There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd),
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge by their fathers fame their future praise. 75
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below:
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
 This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares; 80
 The king to Nestor's sable slip repairs;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
 The various colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears: 85
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said.
 What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown, 90
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?
 Seek'st

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd),
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind! 95

Lo, here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes that only with his life shall end!

Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain, 100
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.

No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
And all my people's miseries are mine. 105

If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest),
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;

Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite, 110
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:

Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove: 115

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind?

Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain
That great Achilles rise and rage again, }
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain? 120 }

Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys;

The care is next our other chiefs to raise:

Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;

Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.

Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }

To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet, }

Where ly great Ajax, and the king of Crete.

To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;

Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,

Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130

With his great brother in his martial care:

Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,

Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;

For strong necessity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands. 135

To whom the king : With rev'rence we allow
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now;
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
'Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway, 140
Content to follow when we lead the way.

But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long ere the rest, he rose, and fought my tent.
'The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall; 145

Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.

With that the venerable warrior rose; 150

The shining greaves his manly legs enclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155

The camp he travers'd through the sleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.

What new distress, what sudden cause of fright, 160
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?

O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd),

Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:

Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165

Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;

All, all, depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:

Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, 170

All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,

His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light. 175

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
 Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
 The slumb'ring chief, and in their words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong 180
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
 But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled;
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185
 Wond'rous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
 Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.

Let yonder Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.
 My friend, (he answer'd), gen'rous is thy care, 190
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.

But now the last despair surrounds our host;
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195
 Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
 Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:

Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
 Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
 Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest; 200
 He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung; }
 Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along. }
 Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed, 205
 The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard,
 A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
 Th' unweary'd watch their list'ning leaders keep,
 And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210
 So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
 With toil protected from the prowling train;
 When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,
 Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
 Thro' breaking woods her rust'ling course they hear; 215
 Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear.

Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
 Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry found.
 Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
 Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright; 221
 And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
 Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.
 'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ, 225
 Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
 Watch thus, and Greece shall live.—The hero said;
 'Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
 His son, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
 (For these the princes to their council join'd), 230
 'The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
 In silent state the consistory crown'd.
 A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
 The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before,
 When night descending, from his vengeful hand, 235
 Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
 (The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,
 And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead):
 There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
 The council op'ning, in these words begun. 240
 Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save?
 Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or Troy once more must be the seat of war!
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise?
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear

Fear held them mute : alone, untaught to fear,
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here: 260
 Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
 Some god within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
 Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose :
 Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows: 270
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
 The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain.
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends: 275
 Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
 Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
 In this great enterprize, is only thine.
 Just be thy choice, without affection made,
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid; 280
 Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
 And only trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
 My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
 How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands 285
 To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
 A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
 So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
 Blest in his conduct, I no aid require,
 Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire. 290

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
 (Reply'd the sage), to praise me or to blame;
 Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
 But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
 The red'ning orient shews the coming day,
 The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
 And of night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress. 300

A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
 And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
 Then in a leathern helm he caſ'd his head,
 Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
 (Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn; 305
 No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn).
 Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
 A well-prov'd caſque with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd; 310
 Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
 A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
 Autolycheus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize 315
 Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
 The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
 And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
 Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take. 320
 Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
 This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
 By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings they knew.
 As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd, 325
 Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.
 O daughter of that god, whoſe arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
 O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey! 330
 Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
 Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
 And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
 Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r; 335
 Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
 Great queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won,
 As thou defend't the ſire, defend the ſon.
 When on Æſopus' banks the banded pow'rs
 Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow'rs, 340
 Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe:

Then

Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, oh celestial maid! 345
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke.
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain, 355
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.
Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?
If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that shall the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told),
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize: 380
Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish their whole intention know,

Ev'n

Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

'The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall: 390
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

'Thus Hector swore: the gods were call'd in vain,
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more. 400
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet; 405
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet;
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they step'd aside, and stoop'd their head
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead: 416
Along the path the spy unwary flew;
Soft at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon list'ning heard them as they pass;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As

As when two skilful hounds the lev'et wind,
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey; 430
So fast, and with such fears the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stoop'd; a gen'rous thought 435
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood:
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow: 450
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the fight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night? 456
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook),
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd;
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car, 465
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:

If

If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night? 470

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile replies);

Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,

And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;

Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame, 475

Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!

Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?

Where stand his courfers? in what quarter sleep

Their other princes? tell what watch they keep? 480

Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are?

Or here to combat, from their city far,

Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:

What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own. 485

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,

A council holds at Ilus' monument.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake;

Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake;

Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490

Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,

Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,

Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,

(Inquir'd the chief), or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495

To whom the spy: their powers they thus dispose:

The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,

The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,

And Leleges, encamp along the coast.

Not distant far, lie higher on the land,

500

The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,

And Phrygia's horse, by Tymbra's ancient wall;

The Thracians utmost, and a-part from all.

These Troy but lately to her succour won,

Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:

505

I saw his courfers in proud triumph go,

Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:

Rich silver plates his shining car infold;

His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;

No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial Panoply, to grace a god! 510

Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown:
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore? 520
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525

One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, 530
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise:
O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields, 540
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550
 And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
 The man, the courfers, and the car behold!
 Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
 Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untye; 555
 Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
 Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd; 560
 His thirsty faulchion, sat with hostile blood,
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
 So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen; 565
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 'Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
 Ulysses following, as his partner slew, 570
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
 The milk-white courfers studious to convey
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
 Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575
 Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last they found;
 Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
 Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore: 580
 So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains.
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
 (The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung). 585
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay, 590
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.

While

While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd; the god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast, 605
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore 620
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around. 625
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train:

Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim, 640
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!

Say, whence these courfers? by what chance bestow'd,
The spoil of foes, or present of a god?

Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle on the martial field;
But sure 'till now no courfers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.

Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize, 650
Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies;

The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd),
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655

Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.

These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came, 660
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,

By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courfers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665

Strait to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:

The neighing courfers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.

But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd, 670 }
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid, }
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid. }

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main;

* Minerva.

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,
 And first to Pallas the libations pour:
 They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
 And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680.

T H E I L I A D.

B O O K X I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: *Hector* prepares the Trojans to receive them; while *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and *Minerva*, give the signals of war. *Agamemnon* bears all before him; and *Hector* is commanded by *Jupiter* (who sends *Iris* for that purpose) to decline the engagement, until the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; *Ulysses* and *Dio-med* put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by *Paris*, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, until *Menelaus* and *Ajax* rescue him. *Hector* comes against *Ajax*, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time *Machaon*, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by *Paris*, and carried from the fight in *Nestor's* chariot. *Achilles* (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent *Patroclus* to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? *Nestor* entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put *Patroclus* upon persuading *Achilles* to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in *Achilles's* armour. *Patroclus* in his return meets *Eurypylus* also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of *Ilus*.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus's* bed;
With

With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
 When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5
 The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
 Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land: 10
 Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms 15
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
 The king of men his hardy host inspires
 With loud command, with great example fires; 20
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress'd.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
 The same which once king Cinyrus possess'd:
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
 'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain). 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud:
 (Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dies,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
 A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side: 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;

Ten

'Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along. 50
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lins wields, 55
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid,
 In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery courfers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield
 The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
 To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
 The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
 As with the light the warriors toils begun.
 Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field; 70
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb in-order rang'd around,
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground,
 'There wise Polydamas and Hector stood; 75
 Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
 The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
 With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face,
 And fair proportion, match'd th' ethereal race; 80
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man, 85
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;

While

While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield, 90
Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet.
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight; 95
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death describes,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes: 100
Discord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above, 105
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, in his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110
On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's tow'rs arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning beams increasing bright 115
O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Commatural death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle goar'd with equal wounds.
But now, (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the silvan war;
But not 'till half the prostrate forests lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day);
Then, nor 'till then, the Greeks impulsive might 125
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light,
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bievor at his people's head:

Whose

Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king : 130
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
 ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
 Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :
 Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
 The product one of marriage, one of love ;
 In the same car the brother-warriors ride,
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide ; 140
 Far other task ! than when they went to keep,
 On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.
 These on the mountains once Achilles found,
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ;
 Then to their fire for ample fums restor'd ; 145

But now to perish by Atrides' sword :
 Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Ifus bleeds :
 Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
 Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
 And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150
 The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
 But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
 So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
 Finds on some grassy lare the couching fawns,
 Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155
 And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws ;
 The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
 But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way ;
 All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
 And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
 The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;
 He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
 And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
 Atrides mark'd as these their safety fought, 165
 And slew the children for the father's fault ;
 Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
 They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein ;
 Then

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die: 180
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks pursue;
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise, 195
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.

The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still slaughter'd on, the king of men proceeds;
The distant army wonders at his deeds. 200

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.

Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe, 205
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.

The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls; 210
While

While his keen falchion drinks the warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood, 215
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town. 220
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,

Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.

So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste;
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last: 230

Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall; 235
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lighting in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands, 245
And trust the war to less important hands:

But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 250
'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd ;
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth commands, 261
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 266
'Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, 270
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare, 275
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred nine, celestial muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung ;
Who from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred, 285
And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy ;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.

With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,
 Thence took the long, laborious march by land. 296
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
 Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
 Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
 The Trojan stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300
 Then near the cors'let, at the monarch's heart,
 With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
 Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, 305
 'Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
 At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
 Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
 Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
 Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
 No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
 No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
 Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
 While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320
 Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh;
 Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
 While pierc'd with grief the much lov'd-youth he
 view'd,
 And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
 Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325
 Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
 The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
 And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
 Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
 On Coön rushes with his lifted spear: 330
 His brother's corps the pious Trojan draws,
 And calls his country to assert his cause,
 Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
 And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides,

Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's faulchion, lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields;
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood; 345
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Lest keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ fend,
(The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes)! 350
Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives the squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won; 355
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls this lengthful thong;
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along. 360
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce courters blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd, 365
But thus his 'Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own. 370
Behold, the gen'ral flies! deserts his pow'rs!
Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375
His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.

As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,
 With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
 And springs the foremost with his lifted dart: 380
 So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
 On the black body of the foes he pours,
 As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385
 Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
 Say, muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
 Aëæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
 Opites next was added to their side, 390
 Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
 Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night,
 Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms; 396
 The gulf continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
 Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares.
 Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands, 401
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
 Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
 Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
 But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405
 His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
 And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
 'Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
 Hasten, let us join, and combat side by side.
 The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410
 No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
 Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
 But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
 And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
 He sigh'd; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel, 415
 And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
 Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
 His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.

There

There slain, they left them in eternal night;
 Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight. 420
 So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
 Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
 Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
 Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war; 425
 Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
 In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
 Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
 Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
 Thy ruth'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain! 430
 Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
 The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
 Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
 And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
 Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight, 435
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
 By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
 The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
 Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh; 440
 Thro' broken orders; swifter than the wind,
 He fled, but flying left his life behind.
 This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
 Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
 Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
 And moving armies on his march attend.
 Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!
 The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field: 450
 Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;
 Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
 Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
 Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
 Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455
 Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
 But yet so stunn'd, that flagg'ring on the plain,
 His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
 O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
 And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes. 460

Tydidēs follow'd to regain his lance ;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd ;
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath, 465
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any god assist Tydides' hand. 470

Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war),
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent, 475
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument ;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe ;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the cors'let from his breast. 480
The bow-string twang'd ; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds ! (he cries) some god has sped my dart ;
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart ! 486
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus : Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair ;
Vain archer ! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part !
Thou hast but done what boys or women can ; 495
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel :
Fate wings the flight, and death is on the steel. 500
Where this but lights, some noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steep

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
 And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
 Ulysses hastens, with a trembling heart, 505
 Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
 Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
 Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
 The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on: 510
 But stands collected in himself and whole,
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge! what hopes remain?
 What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
 What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
 Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
 To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
 And knowing this, I know a foldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;
 These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose:
 And round him deep the steely circle grows.
 So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds 525
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
 He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
 His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
 By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
 And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side. 530
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
 Next Ennoinus and Thoön sunk to hell;
 Cherfidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.

Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near; 535
 Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
 But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
 Socus the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulysses, much enduring man! 540
 Nor deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial sleight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
 This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great Hippasian race,

Or

Or thou beneath this lance must press the field— 545
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
 'Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown.
 Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By Pallas' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd,
 Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd. 550

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew).
 Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace;
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race!
 No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555
 But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
 And add one spectre to the realms below! }

He spoke, while Socus seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
 Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart, 560
 And held its passage through the panting heart.
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;
 He falls, his armour rings against the ground.
 Then thus Ulysses gazing on the slain:
 Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain; 565
 There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
 Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
 Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corps compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close,
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'rals and a lasting tomb,

Then raging with intolerable smart.
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
 O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585

Strong

Strong as he is; yet one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends:
Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends. 591
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer; 595
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
'Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,
The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half an host sustains: 605
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atreides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew; 610
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew,
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains, 615
And pines and oaks, from their foundation torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far, 620
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows; 625
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight,

The

The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,
 Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound :
 In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630
 And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun;
 Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
 And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635
 A wife physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
 Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
 The wounded offspring of the healing god.
 He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet 640
 Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
 While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
 Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645
 Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driv'n on heaps along!
 I know him well distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glitt'ring of the seven-fold shield.
 Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds; 650
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
 Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds; 655
 Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
 The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before;
 The groaning axle sables drops distils, 660
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here Hector plunging thro' the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
 (By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown) :
 Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate, 666
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;
 Confus'd,

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown, 670
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains, 675

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;

Then sourly flow th' indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, 680
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain; 685

Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,

Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung, 690

The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;

Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,

Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,

And threatens his followers with retorted eye. 695

Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,

While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs:

In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,

Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;

And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain, 700

Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.

But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,

And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;

Whose eager jav'lin launch'd against the foe,

Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow; 705

From his torn liver the red current flow'd,

And his slack knees desert their dying load.

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,

From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled.

Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood, 710

Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.

Back

Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears, 720
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courfers steep'd in sweet, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks preserve, great Machaon, bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmost height 730
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His fasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735
Strait to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,
(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!) 739

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctious lay,
Whate'er thy will Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd),
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost: 745
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon cloud, discern his face,
The courfers past me with so swift a pace.

The

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
 Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past; 755
 The chiefs descending from their car he found;
 The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
 The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
 To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
 Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale 760
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
 Then to consult on farther methods went,
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
 The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs: 765
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave):
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
 Honey new press'd, the sacred flour of wheat, 770
 And wholesome garlic crown'd the sav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings,
 From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold; 775
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink:
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
 Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780
 Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine;
 With goats-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares: 785
 Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
 Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
 Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
 Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790
 To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said:
 'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
 The great Achilles with impatience stays.
 To great Achilles this-respect I owe;
 Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795
 T Was

Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?
 With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
 This to report, my hasty course I bend;
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd) 800
 Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?

This is not half the story of our woe.

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,

Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,

805

Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,

And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.

But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!

Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:

Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays, 810

And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.

Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;

Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.

Now the slow course of all-impairing time

Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime; 815

Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,

When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,

The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,

And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!

Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains, 820

And ours was all the plunder of the plains:

Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,

As many goats, as many lowing kine:

And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,

All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds. 825

These, as my first essay of arms, I won;

Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring son.

Thus Elis forc'd her long arrears restor'd,

And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.

The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830

When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war.

For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;

Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!

Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,

My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835

(That large reprisal he might justly claim,

For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,

When

When Elis' monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse).
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car;
 The sons of Actor, at their army's head,
 (Young as they were), the vengeful squadrons led.
 High on a rock fair Thryoessa stands, 846
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
 Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855
 My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots: for the goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, 860
 And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great Alpheus' sacred source we came.
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid, 865
 A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray, 870
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
 The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: 875
 (She that all simples healing virtues knew,
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew).
 Seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled and they fled.

The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.
 'Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
 Thro' wide Euphrasian fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
 'Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. 890
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day;
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
 As first of gods, to Nestor, of mankind. 895
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
 Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid!
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,
 When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
 I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
 And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court. 905
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 'Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend fire,
 Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
 Achilles fees us, to the feast invites: 910
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
 Peleus said only this—"My son be brave." 915
 Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine
 "In strength superior, and of race divine,
 "Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 "Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
 Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court; 920
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.

Ah!

Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say;
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
 Some fav'ring god Achilles' heart my move;
 Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
 If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm;
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
 Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
 Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
 Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies;
 And altars to the guardian gods arise;
 There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940
 Large painful drops from all his members run,
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The fable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart. 945
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
 Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd.

Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
 Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
 Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
 And this the period of our wars and fame? 955
 Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
 Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
 Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
 Her force increasing as her toil renews.
 Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet, 960
 Ly pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
 But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;

With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the gods alone can view,
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply: 975
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay, 980
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruise'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow. 985

THE

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamus advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamus endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes and continues the attack, in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall; Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose; 5
With gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victims slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands! 10
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then

Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their watry store ;
 Rhæsus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
 Carefus roaring down the stony hills,
 Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
 And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source : 20
 And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
 Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain :
 These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days ;
 The weight of waters sap the yielding wall, 25
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
 Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
 And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs ;
 The god of ocean, marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore, 30
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand and levell'd by the flood ;
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood ;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again, 35
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
 But this the gods in later times perform ;
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm ;
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs ;
 Warthunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the tow'rs.
 Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay, 41
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay :
 Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
 And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.
 He like a whirlwind tofs'd the scatt'ring throng, 45
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands ;
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing jav'lins rains an iron storm : 50
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die ;
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows ; 55
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

The

The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound. 60
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vail was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)

And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

O thou! bold leader of our Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands! 70
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.

Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
On certain dangers we too rashly run:

If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all! 80

But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.

Hear then ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
'Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot and Hector lead the way. 90
So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train, 95
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courfers to their ranks behind.

The

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
 And all obey their sev'ral chief's commands. 100
 The best and bravest in the first conspire,
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
 Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
 Polydamus, and brave Cebriones.
 Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105
 And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
 The sons of Priam with the third appear,
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
 In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
 Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110
 And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
 The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
 Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, 115
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
 Now with compacted shields in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way : 120
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
 While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
 Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125
 His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
 Unhappy hero ! and advis'd in vain !
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
 No more those coursers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy ! 130
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ;
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past, 135
 The gates half open'd to receive the last.
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies ;
 His following host with clamours rend the skies ;
 To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain !
 To

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend, 141
Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend;
This Polypoetes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise; 145
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear;
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs descend, 160
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
And root the shrubs and lay the forests bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling jav'lins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung; 170
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings 175
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below.
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r; 180
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
 The frantic Aïus thus accuses heav'n:
 In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe? 185
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
 What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
 Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
 But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
 To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
 They strike th' assailants, and infix their sting;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend:
 So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
 Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates, 195
 Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
 Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
 'To godlike Hector and his matchless might
 Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200
 Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
 Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
 The spirit of a god my breast inspire, 205
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
 While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;
 And all her guardian gods in deep dismay,
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
 First Damafus, by Polypætēs' steel,
 Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore; 215
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
 Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
 First thro' the belt Hippomachus he goar'd,
 Then sudden wav'd his unresist'd sword; 220
 Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
 The faulchion strook, and fate pursu'd the stroke;
 Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean time the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector, and Polydamas, pursue; 225
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd; 230
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round, 235
He flung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thought is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight; 250
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent, 255
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize: 260
Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise: 265
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd);
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong: 270
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, th' irrevokable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
 These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success? 285
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.
 Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide: 300
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.

Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms, 310
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys; 315
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant praise.

Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part! 320
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all; 325
Seek not your fleet, but fall from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opens his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep; 335
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep;
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men; 340
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend 345
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
'Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350

In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
 And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands, 355
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
 Descends a lion on the flocks below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In fullen majesty, and stern disdain: 360
 In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365
 With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
 He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
 Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, Glacus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above. 380
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place.

That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state, 385
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;

The

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said: his words the list'ning chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t'avert th'approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood, 405
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
ground. 410

Then thus to Thoös:—Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420
Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands! 425
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force: 430
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care, 435
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war;
 Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
 And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 'Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440
 That done, expect me to compleat the day—
 Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away.
 With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
 Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs, 445
 Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
 The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
 The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
 Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades, 451
 And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
 Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
 Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
 In modern ages not the strongest swain 455

Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.
 He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
 It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky:
 Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
 The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460
 As skilful divers from some airy steep,
 Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
 So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
 And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, 465
 From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
 The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
 And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
 The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
 Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
 Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height
 Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
 Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
 Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
 His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475
 He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmaon

Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore; 480
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield; 485
The rolling ruins smoak along the field.

A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe; 490

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;

But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

The prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;

Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?

Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost! 500

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain

Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:

Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;

The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew, 505

They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;

Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,

And fix'd support the weight of all the war;

Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,

Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs. 510

As on the confines of adjoining grounds,

Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;

They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,

One foot, one inch, of the contended field:

Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall; 515

Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.

Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,

Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,

The

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),
'Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525

Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends.
So stood the war, 'till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries. 530

Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came, 545
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung.

Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way, 550
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.

He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place; 560
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks. The acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes, assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host;
He

He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
 To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
 Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight 5
 Those eyes, that shed insufferable light,
 To where the Myrians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
 Renown'd for justice, and for length of days. 10
 Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
 Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
 No aid he deems to either host is giv'n, 15
 While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.
 Meantime the * monarch of the watry main
 Observ'd the thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below, 20
 He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
 Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen;
 The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main, 25
 Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd the Argives slain.
 At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod, 30
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
 Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
 Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: 35
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold;
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies, 40
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
 Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,

* Neptune.

Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
 And heavy whales in aukward measures play: 45
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
 The parting waves before his courfers fly:
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave; 50
 Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
 There the great ruler of the azure round
 Stopt his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
 Infrangible, immortal: there they stay.
 The father of the floods pursues his way;
 Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
 Embattel'd roll'd, as Hector rush'd along.
 To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
 The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply;
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65
 And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
 The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
 Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien; 70
 His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire,
 But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis your's, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
 Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
 'Tis your's to save us, if you cease to fear; 75
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
 On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
 There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'er-
 thrown,

Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone. 80
 Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
 Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his fire.
 If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
 Greece

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain, 85
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.

Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then as a falcon from the rocky height, 91
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the fight
Forth springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the pow'r of ocean flew; 95
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring god, Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon.

Some god, my friend, some god in human form,
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm. 100
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon tow'ring chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast, 115
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd;
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships: while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls: 120
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and thus their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite; 125
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;

Thoas

Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes. 130

Oh lasting infamy! oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free;
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135
And one black day clouds all her former fame.

Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands? 140

A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name, 145
Invade your camps, involve you ships in flame?

A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldiers baseness, or the gen'ral's fault?
Fools! will you perish for your leader's vice?
The purchase infamy, and life the price! 150

'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.
Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save: 155

Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost! 160

Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death.

For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar! 165
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,
 And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire, 170
 Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
 So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
 As Pallas' self might view with fixt delight;
 Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes, 175
 The god of war had own'd a just surprize.
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields, 180
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends);
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down impetuous to the plain:
 There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed, 201
 And all their falchions wave around his head:
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.
 Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way 205
 Through yon square body, and that black array:
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
 Strong as they seem, embattel'd like a tow'r.
 For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
 The first of gods, this day inspires our arms. 210

He

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast:
 Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
 Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching, held
 Before his wary steps his ample shield.
 Bold Merion aim'd a stroke, nor aim'd it wide, 215
 The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull hide;
 But pierc'd not through; unfaithful to his hand,
 The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
 The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
 On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear: 220
 The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
 And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
 Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
 To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows, 225
 The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
 By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
 The son of Mentor, rich in gen'rous steeds.
 Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
 In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230
 The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy).
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. 240
 As from the far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead, 245
 From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled:
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus his heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's boasted line;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine! 250
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung; 255
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
 He felt the shock, no more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine),
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn, 265
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
 In their fell jaws high lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head: 270
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the goary visage lay.

The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands, 275
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
 His pensive brow the gen'rous care express
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast, 280
 Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight: to him the god begun, 285
 In Thoas' voice, Andramon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt the daring boast
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost? 290

To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown:
 Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.

* Amphimachus.

Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.
 'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'ful doom, 295
 That far, far distant from our native home
 Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh, my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
 And what thou can'st not singly, urge the rest. 300

Thus he: and thus the god, whose force can make
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake.

Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
 For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;
 Together let us battle on the plain;
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain: 310
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns:
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
 From thence two jav'lines glitt'ring in his hand, 315
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
 Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars; 320
 In streaming sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.
 Him, near his tent, Meriones attends; 325
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
 O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound?
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound? 330
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! Meriones replies, whose care
 Leads forth th' embattel'd sons of Crete to war;

This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield, 335
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all),
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall. 340

Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.

Nor vain, said Merion, are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
But those my ship contains, whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350

What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd, 355
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.

No force, nor firmness, the pale coward shews;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes; 360
A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair! 365 }

Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If ought disturb the tenor of his breast, 370
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such essays thy blameless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before; 375
Such

Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take, 380
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the wind bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man), 385
'Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms 390
Of warring Phleggyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
So march the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain. 395

Then first spake Merion: shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre, Idomen reply'd, 400
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no blame;
'Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. 415
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
 Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
 Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
 The rising combat sounds along the shore.
 As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
 From different quarters sweep the sandy plain; 425
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
 Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n:
 All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war, 430
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
 Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms and shields,
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
 Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave. 435
 Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
 And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
 The fire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won
 To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
 Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs, 440
 But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs:
 While Neptune rising from his azure main,
 Warr'd on the king of heav'n with stern disdain, }
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train: }
 Gods of one source, of one etherial race, 445
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
 But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
 And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
 For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
 Neptune, in human form, conceal'd his aid. 450
 These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train:
 In war and discord's adamant chain;
 Indissolubly strong, the fatal tye
 Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.
 Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey, 455
 The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
 First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
 Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!

Call'd

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
 From high Cabesus' distant walls he came; 460
 Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the profer'd dow'r.
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
 The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
 Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
 His arms resounded as the boaster fell. 470

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
 And thus, he cries, behold thy promise sped!
 Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
 And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
 Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive; 475
 For such an aid what will not Argos give?
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies; 480
 There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
 Before his chariot warring on the plain;
 (His valu'd coursers, to his squire consign'd, 485
 Impatient panted on his neck behind);
 To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
 He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
 The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
 Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear: 490
 Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
 As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
 Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound, 495
 Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
 So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
 He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore. 500
 Depriv'd

Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
 Stands all agast his trembling charioteer,
 Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
 Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath 505
 The stately car, and labours out his breath.
 Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
 Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly. 510
 The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
 Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,
 Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd), 515
 He lay collected in defensive shade.

O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
 Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confess,
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast: 520
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
 The chief, his people's guardian, now no more!

Not unattended, the proud Trojan cries,
 Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
 For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade. 526

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
 Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
 Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore 531
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
 Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
 Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom 535
 To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.

He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
 Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire;
 His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care; 540
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
 With beauty, sense, and every work of art:

He

He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
 The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
 By Neptune now the helpless hero dies, 545
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
 And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
 His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
 Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
 (While the winds sleep), his breast receiv'd the stroke.
 Before the pond'rous stroke his cors'let yields, 551
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
 His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound, }
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound: }
 Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay, 556
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:
 Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
 See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
 Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came: 565
 Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter;
 O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
 And thence my ships transport me through the main;
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
 Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
 Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed
 To call some hero to partake the deed. 575
 Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought;
 For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought,
 Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
 And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
 To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580
 The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
 If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.

Alcathous

Alcahous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
 Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend. 585
 Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
 One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
 This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
 Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.
 Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd 590
 To tender pity all his manly mind;
 Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
 The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
 As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
 Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred, 595
 When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
 Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
 O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
 Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
 His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage, 600
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage.
 So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
 And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
 Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
 The youthful offspring of the god of war, 605
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
 To these the warrior sent his voice around.
 Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
 Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight;
 Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold; 610
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
 Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.
 He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade 615
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands
 Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line);
 In order follow all th' embody'd train; 620
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
 To the cool fountains, thro' the well-known meads.

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

626

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring, 631
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins sing.
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.

Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whiz'd along in air, 636
The Cretan saw, and shun'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.

But Oenamas receiv'd the Cretan stroke, 640
The forceful spear his hollow cors'let broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death. 645

The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears):
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course; 650
In standing fight he yet maintains his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin cast: 655
The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall; 660
High thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray. 665
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize:

Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
 And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear :
 He drops the weight, disabled with the pain ; 670
 The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
 Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
 From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
 The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
 His wounded brother good Polites tends ; 675
 Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
 And from the rage of combat gently drew ;
 Him his swift courfers, on his splendid car
 Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war ;
 To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
 And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore. 681
 Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground.
 Heaps falls on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.
 Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled ;
 As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head, 685
 He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head, deprest
 Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast :
 His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
 And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
 Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round, 690
 Transpiere'd his back with a dishonest wound :
 The hollow vein that to the neck extends,
 Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends :
 Supine he falls, and to his social train
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain. 695
 Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;
 His time observ'd ; for clos'd by foes around,
 On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
 His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, 700
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age).
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger fought ; 705
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind,

Resistless

Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant enemy.
 The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near, 710
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,
 Fierce on his front; but Neptune wards the blow,
 And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood. 715
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
 But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
 Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
 Where sharp the pang, and mortals is the wound. }
 Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground, 720 }
 Lay panting: Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
 While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
 His bulk enormous on the field displays;
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
 The spear, the conqueror from his body drew, 725
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
 Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid;
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
 And smote his temples with an arm so strong,
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng: 730
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize,
 For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
 With raging grief great Menelaus burns,
 And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
 That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw, 735
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
 Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
 As on some ample barn's well harden'd floor,
 (The winds collected at each open door), 740
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
 ground:
 So from the steel that guards Atreides' heart,
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
 Atreides, watchful of th' unwary foe, 745
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
 And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
 sand:

But good Agenor gently from the wound
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound; 750
 A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
 At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
 Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
 Great Menelaus! to inhance thy fame: 755

High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came,
 First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
 Nor pierc'd Pisander thro' Atrides' shield;
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760

Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
 Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
 His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield: 765

His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held;
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
 Distinct with fluds; and brazen was the blade);
 This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below, 770

Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
 Deep thro' his front the weighty faulchion fell.
 The crashing bones before its force gave way;
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
 Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore, 775
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.

The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
 Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said.

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
 O race perfidious, who delight in war! 780

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
 A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:
 In such bold feats your impious might approve,
 Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove;
 The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785

Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame;
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
 And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.

O thou, great father! Lord of earth and skies,
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise! 790

If from thy hand the feats of mortals flow,
 From whence this favour to an impious foe?
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust!
 The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy; 795
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
 The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
 Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
 But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800
 This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
 The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
 'Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
 And the bold son of Pylamenes slew.
 Harpalion had thro' Asia travell'd far, 805
 Following his martial father to the war:
 'Thro' filial love he left his native shore,
 Never, ah, never, to behold it more!
 His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
 Against the target of the Spartan king; 810
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes,
 Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends;
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground),
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.
 Him on his car the Paphlagonian train 821
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.
 The pensive father, father now no more!
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,
 And unavailing tears profusely shed, 825
 And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
 Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
 And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race! 830
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.

A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
 Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town; 835
 Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.
 Oft had the father told his early doom,
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home;
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
 And chose the certain glorious path to death. 840
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
 His limbs, unnerv'd, dropp'd usefess on the ground,
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.
 Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield, 845
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field),
 Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
 And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
 With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
 And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid. 850
 But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
 Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
 (Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
 And where low walls confine the beating tides, 855
 Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
 Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle rag'd);
 There join'd, the whole Boeotian strength remains,
 The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains, 860
 Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
 But join'd repel not Hector's fiery course.
 The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
 Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.
 Meges the strong th' Epeian bands controul'd, 865
 And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
 The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
 And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
 Iphiclus' son: and that, Oileus, thine: 870
 (Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
 Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain).

* Neptune.

These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ 875
Mixt with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.
Now side by side, with like unwear'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowshare through the fallow soil, 880
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field, 885
Who bore by turns great Ajax' lev'nfold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight:
No following troops his brave associate grace,
In close engagement an unpractic'd race, 890
The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound, 895
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave, 905
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.
Though great in all, thou seem'st averie to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own; 910
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' ingross the gifts of heav'n.
To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong, 915
To some sweet music, and the charm of song;

To

To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd
 A wise, extensive, all-confid'ring mind :
 Their guardians these, the nations round confests,
 And towns and empires for their safety blest. 920
 If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
 Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
 And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
 Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall, 925
 How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall!
 What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain!
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!
 Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings,
 Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things. 930
 Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
 To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the conquest of the day.
 I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, 935
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
 The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. 941
 To guard this post, he cry'd, thy art employ,
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day. 945
 This said, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow:
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer, 955
 Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear,
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;

Some

Some low in dust, a mournful object, lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their soul away. 960

Far on the left, amid the throng, he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
'The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind, 965
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!

Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
Thé godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,
And great Orthryoneus so fear'd of late? 970
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend, 975
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,

Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since you rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980

The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the feer:

Each now disabled by a hostile spear. 985
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires;

This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
'Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.

But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the gods alone. 990

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.

Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrión, Phalces, stern Orthæus flood,
Palmas, with Polypætes the divine, 995

And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,

The former day; the next engag'd in war).
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings; 1000
Wide

Wide o'er the blasted fields, the tempest sweeps,
 Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
 Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
 The waves behind impel the waves before,
 Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
 shore. 1005

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
 Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
 Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
 Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
 Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:
 His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
 His piercing eyes thro' all the battle stray, 1015
 And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
 Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
 Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
 The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride, 1020
 Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
 The skill of war to us not idly giv'n, 1024
 Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
 Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts
 To force our fleets; the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
 Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
 Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,
 Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground; 1030
 And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.
 The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
 Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain:
 Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
 The wings of falcons for thy flying horse; 1035
 Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
 While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
 On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
 To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040
 And hail, with shouts, his progress thro' the skies:
 Far-

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045

So may the gods on Hector life below,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn),
As this decisive day shall end the fame 1050
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.

And thou, imperious, if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate;
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore. 1055

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing host: the Grecian train
With answ'ring thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore heav'ns concave, and above 1060
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XIV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way, he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth, and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say, 5
 What mixt events attend this mighty day?
 Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
 And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
 Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
 Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare, 10
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasimedes' shield,
 (His valiant offspring), hasten'd to the field;
 (That day, the son his father's buckler bore); 15
 Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
 Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
 While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
 Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
 The mass of waters will no wind obey; 25
 Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
 While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
 To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste;
 Debating long, he fixes on the last: 30
 Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
 The gleaming faulchions flash, the jav'ins fly:
 Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet, 33
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
 The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
 (Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
 In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand; 40
 Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
 At length; beside the margin of the main,
 Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
 Who landed first, lay highest on the shore).
 Supported on their spears, they took their way, 45
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame? 50

Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage 55
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gereñian Nestor then. So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd. 60

Not he that thunders from th' ærial bow'r,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.

The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:

Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arm extend, 65
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend.

On speedy measures then employ your thought;
In such distress, if counsel profit ought;

Arms cannot much: though Mars our soul incite;
These gaping wounds with-hold us from the fight. 70

To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,

And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:

All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, 75
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.

Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;

Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. 80

Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;

Leave these at anchor till the coming night:

Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight, 85 }
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.

Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies ;
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.
 What shameful words, unkingly as thou art, 90
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart ?
 Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours !
 A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight : 95
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
 And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain ?
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?
 In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, 100
 Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
 To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?
 And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
 The banded legions of all Greece obey ? 105
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
 While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?
 What more could Troy : what yet their fate denies,
 Thou giv'st the foe : all Greece becomes their prize.
 No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view, 110
 Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue ;
 Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,
 And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs, Atrides calm replies,
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise. 115
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
 I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.
 Glad, I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
 Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began. 120
 Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
 Young though he be, disdain not to obey :
 A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
 May speak to councils and assembled kings. 125
 Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
 Whose honour'd dust, his race of glory run
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ;
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.

With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest, 130
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon posselt;
 Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
 The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
 From him, my fire. From Calydon expell'd,
 He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd; 135
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
 There rich in fortune's gift, his acres till'd,
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield, }
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field. }
 Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame! 141
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.

Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
 Attend, and in the son respect the fire.
 Though fore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest; 146
 Advance the glory which we cannot share,
 Though not partaker, witness of the war.
 But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
 Beyond the missile jav'lin's sounding flight, 150
 Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
 Inspire the ranks; and rule the distant war.

He added not: the list'ning kings obey,
 Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
 The god of ocean, to inflame their rage, 155
 Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
 Prest in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
 And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
 Achilles sees his country's forces fly; 160
 Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
 Who glories in unutterable pride.
 So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
 The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
 But heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands 165
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
 Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
 Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
 Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
 To hide their ignominious heads in Troy. 170
 He

He spokc, then rush'd amid the warrior crew ;
 And sent his voice before him as he flew ;
 Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,
 When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field ;
 Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring found
 Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground. 176
 Each Argive bosom beats to meet the sight.
 And grisly war appears a pleasing fight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
 High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below ; 180
 With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
 Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
 But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
 She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
 Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try, 185
 What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye ?
 At length she trusts her pow'r ; resolv'd to prove
 " The old, yet still successful, cheat of love ;"

Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
 And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms, 190
 Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
 Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares :
 With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.
 Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold ; 195
 Self-clos'd behind her shut the valves of gold.
 Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours
 Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs :
 The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
 Through heav'n, through earth, and all th' aërial way :
 Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets 201

The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd ;
 Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melting gold.
 Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound ; 210
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.

Then o'er her head she casts a veil, more white
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazling as the light.
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
 Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,
 And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)
 Shall human strifes celestial minds divide? 220

Ah yet! will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
 And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?

Let heav'n's dread empress, Cytheræa said,
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
 Then grant me, said the queen, those conqu'ring
 charms, 225

That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
 That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
 And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
 Where the great parents, sacred source of gods!
 Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep, 231
 On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past;
 What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
 Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign, 235
 Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
 What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
 If I compose those fatal feuds again! 240

Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
 And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age.

She said. With awe divine the queen of love
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
 And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd, 245
 With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire, 250
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
 This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said:

With

With smiles she took the charm; and smiling prest
The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast. 256

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew,
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260
O'er Hæmus' hills, with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep, }
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began), 266
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,

O pow'r of slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes, 270
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.

A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please. 275

Imperial dame, (the balmy pow'r replies),
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign, }
And his hush'd waves ly silent on the main. 280 }

But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep,
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
On these eternal lids I laid my hand:

What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain, 285
His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plow'd the main:

When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes

With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods; 290
Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high

Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heav'n), her wings display'd;
Impow'r'd the wrath of gods and men to tame, 295
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears, (the queen of heav'n replies,
 And speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes);
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
 Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son? 300
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
 For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
 The youngest grace, Pasithea the divine.

Swear then, he said, by those tremendous floods 305
 That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
 Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
 Call the black Titans that with Chronos dwell,
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310
 That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
 The youngest grace, Pasithea the divine.

The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
 Invokes the fable subtartarean pow'rs,
 And those who rule th' inviolable floods, 315
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
 Thro' air unseen involv'd in darkness glide,
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide, 320
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills),
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325
 To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies,
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
 (Chalcis his name by those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth). 330

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
 The god, whose lightning sets the heav'ns on fire,
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms. 336
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke.
 Why

Why comes my goddess from th' etherial sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh? 340

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares 345
I owe the nursing of my tender years.

For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' aerial way, 350
Wait under Ide: of thy superior pow'r
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that, said Jove, suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay. 355

Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly or a heav'nly love: 360

Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Perithous like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danae felt the show'r of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.

Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame, 365
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came).

Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace. 370

Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes
Glow'd with celestial red, and thus replies. 375

Is this a scene for love? on Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the gods? 380
Shall

Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
 Sacred to love, and to the genial hour;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire, 385
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and smiling with superior love,
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
 Nor god, nor mortal shall our joys behold,
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold, 390
 Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
 And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.
 Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
 His eager arms around the goddess threw.
 Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours 395
 Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:
 Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
 And clust'ring lotos swell'd the rising bed,
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow. 400
 There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
 Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
 At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd, 405
 The panting thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
 Beside him sudden unperceiv'd he stood,
 And thus with gentle words address'd the god. 410

Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
 To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
 The golden vision round his sacred head;
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, 415
 Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,
 On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
 Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
 And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war, 420
 Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
 O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!

This

This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires, 425
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.

One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms: 430
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong.
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong;
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay; 435
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, tho' wounded and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440
The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass in bright array,
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes, 445
Like lightning flashing thro' the frighted skies.
Clad in his might th' earth-shaking pow'r appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god: 450
And lo! the god, and wond'rous man, appear!
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watry wall
Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores, 455
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall 459
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour.
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the founding heav'n.

The

The first bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force, 465
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword).
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew: 470
 But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
 A pond'rous stone up heaving from the sand,
 (Where heaps lay'd loose beneath the warrior's feet,
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet),
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings, 476
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground. 480
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
 The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, 485
 And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head; 490
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,
 Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly; 495
 And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky.
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
 He lies protected, and without a wound.
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line, 500
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
 His mournful followers, with assistant care
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
 His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind, 505
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
 Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
 With watry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
 Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground. 510
 Rais'd on his knees he now ejects the gore;
 Now faints anew, low sinking on the shore;
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, 515
 With double fury each invades the field.
 Oilean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
 Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
 (Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
 Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore); 520
 Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
 An arduous battle rose around the dead;
 By turns the Greeks; by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525
 And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
 The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust,
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
 Lo thus, the victor cries, we rule the field,
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield: 530
 From this unerring hand there flies no dart
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
 Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest. 536
 As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death:
 But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath: 540
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
 Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain: 545
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
 (The tow'ring Ajax loud-insulting cries); 550
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
 A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
 Mark well his port! his figure and his face
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
 Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son. 556

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
 The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws, 560
 He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
 Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
 Nor Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
 Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
 Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
 But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most; 570
 At the proud boaster he directs his course;
 The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
 But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
 Ilioneus, his father's only care:
 (Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575
 Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):
 Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
 And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
 Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
 He lifts his miserable arms in vain! 580
 Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
 And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
 To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
 The lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding eye,
 The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook 585
 The goary visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
 Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
 Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
 Such as the house of Promachus must know; 590
 Let

Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly: 596
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine! 600
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embro'd the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies, will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius leader of the Mysian train. 600

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew;
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 616

Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son, 615

Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUPITER awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter: in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Regis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

These

These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main. 10

Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes),
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look, 15
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field. 20
Can'st thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain; 25

And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done;
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son; 30
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast:
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The thund'rer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd. 40

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all in-infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:
By the dread honours of thy sacred head, 45
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!

Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Greeks: he fought, and disobey'd: 50

Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n,
And taught submission to the fire of heav'n.

'Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!
(Th' immortal father with a smile replies!)

'Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey, 55
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.

If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;

Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow. 60

Let her descend, and from th' embattel'd plain
Command the sea-god to his watry reign:

While Phœbus haltes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;

His lab'ring bosom reinspirés with breath, 65
And calls his senses from the verge of death.

Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

He not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain. 70

What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls?

Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon falls!

Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.

Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:

And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies. 75

From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,

Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.

Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage;

Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage

In aid of Greece. The promise of a god 80

I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,

Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;

Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling queen (th' almighty order given)

Swift from th' idæan summit shot to heav'n. 85

As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er

In thought, a length of lands he trode before,

Sends forth his active mind from place to place,

Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:

So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes, 90

If thought of man can match the speed of gods.

There

There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd,
They bow'd and made obeysance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome : with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen : the nectar streams around. 95
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies.
Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil, 100
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will;
Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call :
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall ;
But Jove shall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come, 105
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The goddess said, and fullen took her place ;
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face,
To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast, 110
Smiles on her lips a spleentful joy express'd,
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above,
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove : 115
Supreme he sits ; and sees in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey ;
Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submits immortals ! all he wills, obey ; 120
And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own. 125

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars obey :
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way :
Descending first to yon forbidden plain, 130
The god of battles dares avenge the slain ;
Dares, though the thunder, bursting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courfers for the fight: 135

Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode, 140
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said. 145

By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n? 151
Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state. 155
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.
Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne; 160
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd, Jove's orders to obey,
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide; 165
There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came, 170
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game);
There sat th' Eternal: he, whose nod controuls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round. 175

Well-

Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenest his awful brow)
Commands the goddesses of the show'ry bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain 180
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.

Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birth-right, and superior sway. 185

How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of heav'n?

Th' almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height. 190

Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls. 195

Attend the mandate of the fire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This, if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh 200
His elder birth-right, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of heav'n? 205

What means the haughty sov'reign of the skies?
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies):
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came, 210

And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain: 215

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roaring of the sacred deep:

Olympus

Olympus, and this earth in common lie;
 What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
 Far in the distant clouds let him controul;
 And awe the younger brothers of the pole:
 There to his children his commands be giv'n,
 The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then, said she, O fire of floods!
 Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
 Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
 A noble mind disdains not to repent.

To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
 To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great is the profit, thus the god rejoin'd,
 When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
 Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
 And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
 The same our honours, and our birth the same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
 To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n;
 To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
 He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
 Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
 Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
 Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,
 The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
 And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
 The Lord of thunders from his lofty height
 Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light.

Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd
 Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
 Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
 Seeks his own seas and trembles at our rage;
 Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,
 Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
 And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,
 Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
 Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;
 Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard.
 Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
 Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,

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Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care, 260
 Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :
 Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
 Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :
 Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The godhead said:
 His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. 265

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
 That drives a turtle through the liquid skies ;
 As Phœbus shooting from th' Idæan brow,
 Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
 There Hector seated by the stream he sees, 270
 His sense returning with the coming breeze ;
 Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;
 Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;
 Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
 To whom the god who gives the golden day. 275

Why sits great Hector from the field so far,
 What grief, what wound, with-holds him from the war ?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
 Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :
 What blest immortal, with commanding breath, 280
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?
 Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
 Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below ? 285
 Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him, Apollo. Be no more dismay'd ;
 See, and be strong ! the Thund'rer sends thee aid :
 Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ, 290
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.

Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :
 Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea. 295

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
 And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
 As when the pamper'd steed, the reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood, 300
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood:

His

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies :
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again : 305
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the god ; and all his hosts pursue.
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd,
 Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind ;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie 310
 Close in the rock, not fated yet to die,
 When, lo ! a lion shoots across the way !
 They fly ; at once the chasers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,
 And mark'd their progress through the ranks in blood,
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear, 316
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force :
 Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight, 320
 And bold to combat in the standing fight ;
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
 Gods ! what portent, he cry'd, these eyes invades ?
 Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades ! 325
 We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd :
 What god restores him to the frighted field ;
 And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?
 He comes not, Jove ! without thy pow'rful will ; 330
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still !
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand ;
 The Greeks main body to the fleet command ;
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm : 335
 Thus point your arms : and when such foes appear,
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,
 Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array,
 Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command, 340
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges : these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.

Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend. 345
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
 High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield 350
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field:
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
 The Greeks expect the shock; the clamours rise
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies. 355
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
 These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;
 Those guiltless fall and thirst for blood in vain.
 As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield, 360
 Sat doubtful conquest hov'ring o'er the field;
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears and lightens in their eyes,
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confess. 365
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.
 Impending Phœbus pours around them fear, 370
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
 First great Arcefilas, then Stichius bleeds;
 One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer. 375
 Medon and Iasus, Æneas sped;
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
 But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
 Tho' born of lawless love: from home expell'd, 380
 A banish'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
 Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
 And thee, brave Cionius! great Agenor slew. 385
 B b By

By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echiüs on the plain;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
 The Greeks, dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall, 390
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall,
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight; 395
 Points to the fleet: for, by the gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
 No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.
 Who stops to plunder, in this signal hour, 400
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.
 Furious, he said; the smarting scourge rebounds;
 The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
 The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar! 405
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
 Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound:
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.
 O'er the dread fosse (a late-impervious space) 410
 Now fleeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
 The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod:
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
 And, lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. 415
 Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
 Sweeps the slight works, and fashion'd domes away.
 Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls! 421
 The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
 Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;
 Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands. 425
 Experienc'd Nestor chief obtets the skies,
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove!

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold, 430
We paid the fattest firstling of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'ft our wishes with thy nod,
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
'This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name. 435

Thus pray'd the sage: th' eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies, 440
The roaring deeps in watry mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall; 445
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd, 450
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
'The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind. 455
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress, he cries, 460
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of wo:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war. 465
Perhaps some fav'ring god his soul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.

Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain, 470
 But strive, tho' num'rous, to repulse in vain.
 Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
 Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.
 As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
 Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part; 475
 With equal hand he guides his whole design,
 By the just rule, and the directing line.
 The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
 Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
 Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,
 And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide. 481
 At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet
 Ajax the great, and god-like Hector meet;
 For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
 Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend; 485
 One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
 That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
 The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
 The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
 But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires; 490
 Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
 Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
 As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
 Oh! all of Trojans, all of Lycian race!
 Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space, 495
 Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies,
 Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!
 This said, his eager jav'lin sought the foe:
 But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
 Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown; 500
 It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
 An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
 A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
 In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd. 505
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
 And lies a lifeless load, along the land.
 With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
 Teucer, behold! extended on the shore 510
 Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
 Dear

Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe. 515
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer, halt'ning to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulder hung: 520
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.

Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name),
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattel'd plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins. 525

As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.

Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far, 530
The headlong couriers spurn his empty car;
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause, 535
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.

But Hector was not doom'd to perish then: 540
Th' all-wise despoiser of the fates of men,
Imperial Jove, his present death withstands.
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.

At his full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two; 545
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.

Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
Some god prevents our destin'd enterprize:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe, 550

Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since heav'n commands it, Ajax made reply,
 Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by; 555
 Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
 And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.
 In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
 Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
 Fierce as they are, by long successes vain; 560
 To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
 Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
 Shall find its match—No more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
 The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd; 565
 On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
 A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
 The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy. 570
 Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
 Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
 And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
 Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
 From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow. 575
 Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
 When happy nations bear the marks divine!
 How easy then, to see the sinking state
 Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
 Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours: 580
 Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs,
 Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
 And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
 The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
 Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free; 585
 Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
 His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
 His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
 And late-posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast: 590
 The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd.

How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
 (To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace)!
 How long on these curst confines will ye lie,
 Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!

595
 What

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire!
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!

Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, 600
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far, in one decisive strife,

One day should end our labour, or our life; 605
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.

Then mutual slaughters spread on either side; 610
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;

There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.

Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band. 615

His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor stooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valu'd life, O Phœbus! was thy care);

But Crœsinus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corps fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore; 620
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield: 625

But Meges, Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding shore,
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale),
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630

Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian die: in dust below
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow. 635

Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,

Thro'

Thro' Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,
And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound 640
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.

In rush the conqu'ring Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young. 645
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)

Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this, in Priam's court he held his place, 650
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.

Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies? 655

O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And, lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end; 660
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector, this said, rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows: 665

Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame;
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 670
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts. 675

They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.

The

The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause, 680
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.

Is there, he said, in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed. 685

He said, and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view,
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear, 695
While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.

Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 695
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.

Observing Hector to the rescue flew; 700
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound, 705
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns 710
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The fire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; 715
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swell all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn, 720
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.

These

These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
 He raises Hector to the work design'd,
 Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
 And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe. 725
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
 Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
 Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
 Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
 He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow 730
 Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
 The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
 For Jove his splendor round the chief had thrown,
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735
 Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
 Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
 Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
 And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
 Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes 740
 Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
 Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
 He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
 The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tow'r
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r: 745
 So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
 Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
 And sees the watry mountains break below.
 Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall 750
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
 Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
 White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud: 755
 Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
 And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
 So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
 The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
 As when a lion rushing from his den, 760
 Amidst the plain of some wide water'd fen,
 (Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead);

Leaps

Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies : 765
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
 He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
 All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and slew ;
 Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name, 770
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire
 Against Alcides, Copreus was his fire :
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
 A son as gen'rous as the fire was base ; 775
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
 In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war :
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield !
 Against the margin of his ample shield
 He struck his halcy foot : his heels up-sprung ; 780
 Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
 And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
 Th' unhappy hero ; fled, or shar'd his fate. 785
 Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
 Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main :
 Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desp'rate band.
 Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight : 790
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight :
 Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor most
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores. 795
 O friends ! be men : your gen'rous breasts inflame
 With mutual honour, and with mutual shame !
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :
 Think of each living father's rev'rend head ; 800
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :
 The gods their fates on this one action lay,
 And all are lost, if you desert the day. 805
 He

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
 Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
 The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
 A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, 810
 And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
 Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
 The scene wide op'ning to the blaze of light.
 First of the field, great Ajax strikes their eyes,
 His port majestic, and his ample size: 815
 A pond'rous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
 Full twenty cubits long he swings around;
 Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
 But looks a moving tow'r above the bands;
 High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride, 820
 The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
 So when a horseman from the watry mead
 (Skill'd in the manage of a bounding steed)
 Drives four fair couriers, practis'd to obey,
 To some great city through the public way; 825
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
 And now to this, and now to that he flies;
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
 From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, 830
 No less the wonder of the warring crew.
 As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
 And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd;
 Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores: 835
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,
 Who marks the swans or cranes embody'd flight,
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
 And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
 Jove leads him on with his almighty hand, 840
 And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
 Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
 Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
 As if new vigour from new fights they won, 846
 And the long battle was but then begun.

Greece

Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy, in proud hopes, already view'd the main 850
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand; 855
The same which dead Protefilaus bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this, in arms the warring nation stood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow; 860
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With faulchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground; 865
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.
Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd: and the day desir'd appears! 871
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—The warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band. 881
Ev'n Ajax paus'd, so thick the jav'lins fly,
Stept back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate: 885
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,

Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, 890
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.

What aids expect you in this utmost strait? 895
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?

No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.

'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands 900
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands, 905
Against the sable ships with flaming brands,

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:

Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

T H E I L I A D.

B O O K XVI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The sixth battle: the acts and death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
'The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster, trickling to the plains below, 5
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best-belov'd.

C c 2

Patroclus.

Patroclus say, what grief thy bosom bears,
 That flows so fast in these unmanly tears? 10
 No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
 From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
 Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
 Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
 Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me to what end 15
 Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
 Or come sad tidings from our native land?
 Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care),
 Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air, 20
 And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
 Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim,
 Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword, 25
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
 Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke. 30

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
 Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
 Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
 Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son, 35
 And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
 More for their country's wounds than for their own. }
 Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40
 O great in vain, unprofitably brave!
 Thy country slighted in her last distress,
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
 No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45

O man un pitying! if of man thy race;
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
 Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
 Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.

Some

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form, 50
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If ought from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm, 55
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line :

Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war :
Without thy person Greece shall win the day, 60
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate, with supplicating breath
Thou begg'dst his arms, and in his arms thy death. 65
Unfortunately good ! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd ; and with it, this reply.

Patroclus ! thy Achilles knows no fears :
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears ;
Nor ought a mother's caution can suggest ; 70
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.

My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage :

I made him tyrant : gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me : I felt it ; and shall feel it long. 75

The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day ;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign ;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.

From me he forc'd her ; me, the bold and brave ; 80
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.

But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past ;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last :

I fix'd its date ; the day I wish'd appears :
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears, 85

The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus ! court fair honour's charms

In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms :
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,

Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right. 90

See the thin reliques of the baffled band;
 At the last edge of yon deserted land;
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
 How the cloud blackens! how the storm impends!
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd, 95
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
 Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
 Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host,
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there: 100
 No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
 No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on:
 Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain; 105
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
 And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host 110
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
 Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hostile crew,
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
 Tho' Jove in thunder should command the war,
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. 115
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
 Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
 Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait, 120
 Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
 That not one Trojan might be left alive,
 And not a Greek of all the race survive; 125
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,
 And only we destroy th' accursed town!
 Such conference held the chiefs; while on the strand,
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd, 130
 So thick the darts, an iron tempest rain'd:
 On

On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
 His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung;
 His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes;
 And painful sweat from all his members flows. 135
 Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at most;
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame, 140
 How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
 Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head: 145
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
 The brazen head falls founding on the plain.
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign; 149
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims. 155
 Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
 I haile to bring the troops—The hero said; 160
 The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brags; and first around
 His manly legs, with silver buckles bound
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
 The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes; 165
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold his faulchion shone
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array, 170
 He flash'd around intolerable day.
 Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

From

From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire; 175
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

'Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180
The winged courfers harness'd to the car.
Xanthus and Ballus, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore. 185
Swift Pedafus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride),
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms 190
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their bursting bowels wrings, 195
(When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood),
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore, 200
And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew;
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands. 205
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth, 210
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus that espous'd the dame. 215

Eudorus

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
 Her, sly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
 To her high chamber, from Diana's quire, 220
 The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
 The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
 And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
 Strong Echeclæus, blest in all those charms
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms; 225
 Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
 With gifts of price he fought and won the dame:
 Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;
 Her fire carest him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art 230
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
 No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
 Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
 Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last. 235

Soon as Achilles with superior care
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
 This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
 Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
 Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
 Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long, 241
 " Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to say,
 While restless, raging in your ships you lay),
 " Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
 " Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field. 245
 " If that dire fury must for ever burn,
 " What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"
 Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more.
 Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
 This day shall give you all your soul demands; 250
 Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
 Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
 Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest;
 Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
 Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
 As when a circling wall the builder forms, 256
 Of strength defensive against winds and storms,

Compacted

Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,
 And round him wide the rising structure grows. 260
 So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng;
 Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
 Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
 Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear,
 There bold Automedon; Patroclus here; 265
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
 To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
 There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame).
 From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
 Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
 Nor rais'd in off'ring to the pow'rs divine, 275
 But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
 Had rais'd in off'rings but to Jove alone.
 This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
 He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
 Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space 280
 His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
 Forth in the midst; and thus the god implor'd.

O thou supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
 O great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove! 285
 Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
 Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
 (Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
 Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees; 290
 And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze):
 Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' pray'r,
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair:
 Lo to the dangers of the fighting field
 The best, the dearest of my friends I yield; 295
 Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd,
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind,
 Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:

Pres'd

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Prefs'd by his single force, let Hector see 300
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire :
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again! 305

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest ;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r ;
His safe return the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, 310
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way, 315
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage :
All rise in arms, and, with a gen'ral cry,
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, 320
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms.
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days: 325
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight : be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke, 330
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.

The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd: 335
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore 340
Unblest Protefilaus to Ilion's shore,

The

The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood;
 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground. 345
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
 Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
 Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
 And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
 Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies: 350
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
 Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,
 And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
 So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
 O'er heav'n's expanse like one black ceiling spread:
 Sudden, the thund'rer, with a flashing ray, 356
 Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
 And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;
 The smiling scene wide opens to the sight, 360
 And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
 Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew,
 But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew; 365
 As Arëilycus had turn'd him round,
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
 Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance, 370
 Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
 Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
 Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
 In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay. 375

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
 And two bold brothers of the Lycian band;
 By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
 Pierc'd in his flank, lamented youth! he lies.
 Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, 380
 Defends the breathless carcase on the ground;
 Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
 But godly Thraſymed prevents his rage,

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Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below: 385
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er,
And vents his soul effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' feed;
Amisodarus, who, by furies led, 390

The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize; 395

A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty faulchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, 400
Lycan the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;

In vain their jav'lines at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Bæotian foe,
The daring Lycan aim'd a noble blow: 405

The sword broke short; but his Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Næmas by Merion bleeds, 410
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel: 415

Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks, neglected by the swain, 420
(Or kids, or lambs), lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey.
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame. 425

D d

But

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
 Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd :
 The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
 O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
 Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour, 430
 And on his ringing buckler caught the show'r.
 He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
 Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
 And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms, 435
 Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
 And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies ;
 So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
 Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
 Ev'n Hector fled ; thro' heaps of disarray 440
 The fiery courfers forc'd their lord away :
 While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd,
 Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd.
 Chariots on chariots roll ; the clashing spokes
 Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their yokes :
 In vain they labour up the steepy mound ; 446
 Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
 Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies ;
 Tumultuous clamours fill the fields and skies ;
 Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ; 450
 Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
 Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
 Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
 Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die, 455
 Where horse, and arms, and chariots, lie o'erthrown,
 And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
 No stop, no check the steeds of Peleus knew ;
 From bank to bank th' immortal courfers flew,
 High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car 460
 Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
 And thunders after Hector : Hector flies,
 Patroclus shakes his lance ; but fate denies.
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
 The tide of Trojans urge their desp'rate course, 465
 Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
 And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs ;

(When

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
 Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause);
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise, 470
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
 Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
 And trembling man sees all his labours vain. 475

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
 Bore down half Troy in his relentless way,
 And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
 Between the space where silver Simois flows, 480
 Where lay the fleet, and where the rampires rose,
 All grim in dust and blood Patroclus stands,
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
 First Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
 Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart. 485
 Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
 And fell the victim of his coward fear;
 Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
 Not stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
 Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war, 490
 And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
 And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
 The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
 As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
 An angler, studious of the line and cane, 495
 Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
 Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
 The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
 He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone, 500
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown;
 Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
 Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
 And death involv'd him with the shades of hell. 505
 Then low in dust Epaltes, Echiuss, lie;
 Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
 Amphoterus, and Erymas, succeed;
 And last Tlepolemas and Pyres bleed.

Where'er he moves, the growing slaughter spread 510
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Gro'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms,
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms! 515
For sake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and speaking, leapt from off the car; 520
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.

As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply: 525
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat, whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen.
The hour draws on; the destinies ordain, 530
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate, 535
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes: 540
What words are these? O sovereign of the skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span, }
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began? }
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death, 545
Before proud Ilium must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmur'ing pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight, 550
Let

Let sleep and death convey, by thy command,
 The breathless body to his native land.
 His friends and people, to his future praise,
 A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
 And lasting honours to his ashes give ; 555
 His fame, 'tis all the dead can have, shall live.

She said ; the cloud-compeller overcome,
 Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
 Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd
 A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field ; 560
 The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
 Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
 Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign. }

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
 Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear :
 From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled, 566
 And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed ;
 The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
 He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
 Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw ; 570
 The first aloof with erring fury flew,
 The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
 The gen'rous Pedasus, of Theban breed ;
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
 Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground.
 His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke ; 576
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook :
 When bold Automedon, to disengage
 The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed 580
 Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed :
 The rest move on, obedient to the rein ;
 The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chief to fiercer fight advance,
 And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, 585
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its dying force.
 Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart ;
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. 590
 Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)

Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
 It sinks, and spreads it honours on the ground:
 Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine, 595
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws 600
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.
 Then to the leader of the Lycian band
 The dying chief address'd his last command.
 Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare 605
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.
 Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death. 610
 What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
 'Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
 Defend my body, conquer in my right;
 'That, taught by great examples, all may try 615
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
 He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
 Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod; 620
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
 The recking fibres clinging to the dart;
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
 And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.
 His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain, 625
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
 All impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief:
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart, 630
 Supported on his better hand he staid:
 To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.
 All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
 Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,

Pow'rful

Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart ; 635
Oh hear me ! god of ev'ry healing art !

Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein ;
I stand unable to sustain the spear,

And sigh at distance from the glorious war. 640

Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health ! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' distant, canst restore my might, 645
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard ; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood :
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart. 650

Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms ;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place ; 655
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas ;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts ;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief ! thy breast employ ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy ! 660

Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See ! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise.

Who guarded right, and kept his people free ; 665
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee !

Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains :
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost. 670

He spoke ; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, thro' all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own ;
A chief who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall 675
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.

Fir'd

Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands. 680

Heroes, be men! be what you were before:
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.

The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body Troy in numbers flies; 685
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand: 690

Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.

With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.

Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight, 695
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,

And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacelus' son, from Budium's lofty walls: 700

Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Pelus, and the silver-footed dame;

Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,

He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.

Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead, 705

A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;

Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain

His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;

And, like an eagle darting at his game, 710

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;

What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,

Oh gen'rous Greek! when, with full vigour thrown,

At Sthenelaus flew the weighty stone,

Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near

That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear. 716

Far as an able hand a lance can throw,

Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;

So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
 Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd. 720
 Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
 The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
 Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
 With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:
 Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue 725
 The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
 Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,
 He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
 Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
 With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
 And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose; 731
 An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
 Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
 On Ida's holy hill he made abode, 735
 The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
 Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
 The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
 His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
 Who stooping forward from the death withdrew; 740
 The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
 And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
 There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
 Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
 Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries, 745
 And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
 My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
 Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
 (Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast), 750
 Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
 An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
 And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
 Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heav'n;
 This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast, 755
 Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend, Menœtius' son this answer gave,
 With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
 Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
 Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
 To.

To speak, befits the council; but to dare 761
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets, rattle, as the warriors close; 765
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows foll'wing blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side: 770
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon, on the sandy shore,
His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed, 775
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows;
Thick, as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood), 780
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day;
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates 785
The vengeance due and meditates the fates;
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son; 790
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise,
At length he dooms; and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe; 795
Nor unattended see the shades below.

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away.
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine. 800

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead;

Around,

Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain 805
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove. 810
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed, 815
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.

Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death:
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear; 820
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore, 825
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews. 830
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, and the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid, 835
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reigns.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew; 840
Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroul'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;

The

The god who gives, resumes, and orders all, 845
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead? 850

Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elafus and Mulus crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night; 855
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tow'r.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo shook: 860
He try'd the fourth; when bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall:
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand, 865
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the god, who darts celestial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courfers, in his breast debates, 870
Or in the field his forces to employ,

Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung, 875
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young).

Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight!
Gods! it is Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. 880

Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring god; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight. 886

He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
 The lash resounds, the courfers rush to war.
 The god the Grecians sinking souls deprest,
 And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight; 891
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head, — 895
 (The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed),
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound,
 The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain. 900
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides.
 Good heav'ns! what active feats yon artist shows,
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand! 905
 Pity! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies;
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold; 910
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
 Defends the body, and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage, 915
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead. 920
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
 So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
 Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown, 925
 The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan:
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.

Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage. 930

Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;

Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:

Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,

Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.

But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,

Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains, 935

And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the Zenith, Sol had driv'n

His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;

While on each host with equal tempest fell 940

The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.

But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,

Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.

Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,

They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.

Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows, 946

And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.

Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,

And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.

There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine 950

The last black remnant of so bright a line;

Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;

Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!

For lo! the god, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,

Approaching, dealt a stagg'ring blow behind. 955

The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;

His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel

In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,

His bounding helmet on the champain rung.

Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore; 960

That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,

Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,

And shed the temples of the man divine.

Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;

Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god. 965

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield

Drops from his arm: his baldrick throws the field:

The cors'let his astonish'd breast forefakes:

Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.

Stupid

Stupid he stares, and all affittlefs stands : 970
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name :
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course, 975
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore:
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more : 979
Nor, though disain'd, Patroclus fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train, 985
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.

Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. 990
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar, 994
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own. 1000

As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and, with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames, 1005
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, these tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid; 1010

Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

"Return not, my brave friend, perhaps he said,
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."

He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies, 1016
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;

To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call, 1020
And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:

By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own. 1025

But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.

Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;

Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand, 1030

I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay),

Falls to the lone, uncomfortable coast;

A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost! 1035

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed

On the pale carcase, then address'd the dead.

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n 1040

To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay

His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;

And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear

He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer. 1045

But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins

Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

Far from his rage th' immortal courfers drove;

Th' immortal courfers were the gift of Jove.

THE



T H E I L I A D:

B O O K XVII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The seventh battle, for the body of Patroclus; the
acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires: but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness; the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

*The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day.
The scene lies in the fields before Troy.*

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves, 5
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves,

And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare),
Turns, and returns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame. 10

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign; 15
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own? 20
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar, (those terrors of the plain);
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind 25
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate; 35
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: that action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed. 40
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings, 45
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But, blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,

Nor



Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain: 50
Wide thro' the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore, 55
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air; 60
When, lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades:
It lies up-rooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay, 65
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire; 70
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes, 75
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize,
(In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war),
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' coursers of ætherial race; 80
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress 85
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: thro' all the war 90
He

He darts his anxious eye ; and, instant, view'd
 The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay),
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies : 96
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.

Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind. 100

'Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
 Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
 Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend?
 Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd, 105
 To brave the hero were to brave the god:
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field:
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.

Yet, nor the god, nor heav'n, should give me fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear : 110
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains
 Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
 The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
 A sable scene! the terrors Hector led. 115

Slow he recedes, and, fighting, quits the dead.
 So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes. 120

Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
 O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
 And thro' the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
 Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood, 125
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 There breathing courage, where the god of day
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend!
 Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend; 130
 The body to Achilles to restore,
 Demands our care; alas, we can no more!

For

For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair 135
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax his broad shield display'd,
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind, he stood: 145
Thus, in the center of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Fast by his side, the generous Spartan glows 151
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his slight upbraids.
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find? 155
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy: 160
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, or ask a foreign hand:
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect? 165
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart,

(Such,

(Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws 175
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause),
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
 And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
 Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
 Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again! 180
 Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
 But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye; 185
 And, lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.
 The Trojan chief, with fix'd resentment, ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear? 190
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great Ajax! I desert my train!
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
 The strong he whithers, and confounds the bold;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow! 200
 Come, thro' yon squadrons let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
 If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries, 205
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
 Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
 Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210

He strode along the field, as thus he said;
 (The fable plumage nodded o'er his head);
 Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look,
 One instant saw, one instant overtook
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
 The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.

There

There his own mail, unbrac'd, the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands; 220
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
At first to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar, 225
The god, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
And, conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said: 230

Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory, and what fates attend?
In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! Beneath thy dart 235
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away. 240
For, ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears, to welcome Hector home;
No more, officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod, 245
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon he inspires, 255
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;

The

The great Therfilochus like fury found,
 Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
 And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
 Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!

'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
 To save our present, and our future race.

For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
 And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.

Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer are the terms of war.

Whatever hands shall win Patroclus slain,
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join, they thicken, they pretend their spears;
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
 Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread!
 What victims perish round the mighty dead!

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend,
 And all our wars and glories at an end!

'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
 We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.

See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And, lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
 The bravest Greeks; this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.

Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is giv'n
 The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n!
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!

Book XVII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 337

All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
 All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,
 Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ, 300
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. 305

The long succeeding numbers who can name?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.

Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves, 310
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,

The river trembles to its utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors shining helms in night:
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
 Dead he protects him with superior care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
 Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain: 325
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.

(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame).
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore; 330
 So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,

And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frightened hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase thro' the war; 335

The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound:
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;

It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain; 340
 The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair, strow the plain;
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground;
 The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound:
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead: 345

Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.
 Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies; 350
 The Grecian, marking as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind: 355

In little Panope for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing, thro' the shoulder stood; 360
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke, 365
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield, 370
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate;
 But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight: 375
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold).

Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care, 380
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,

Have

Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
 But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
 His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.

Æneas thro' the form assum'd descends
 The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.
 Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey, 390
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
 A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
 The bold example all his hosts pursue. 395
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
 The whirling lance, with vig'rous force address'd, 400
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:

From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteropus! in place and fame.
 Asteropus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain: 405
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
 And hem'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.

Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care, 410
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:
 Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
 A sanguine torrent sleeps the reeking ground; 415
 On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
 And thick'ning round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight:
 Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns, 420
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' æthereal host

Seem'd as extinct ; day ravish'd from their eyes,
 And all heav'n's splendours blotted from the skies. 425
 Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
 The rest in sunshine fought, and open light :
 Unclouded there, th' aërial azure spread,
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light :
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled. 435

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
 Their fellows routed, to the distant spear,
 And skirmish wide : so Nestor gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
 Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend ;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death : 445
 O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweet, and gore,
 Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er ;
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise, [eyes.
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their
 As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide, 450
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
 The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore ;
 So tugging, round the corse both armies stood ;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweet and blood : 455
 While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
 Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
 Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
 Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
 Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror reign'd ;
 Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd. 461

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;
 He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
 In dust extended under Ilion's wall,

465
 Expects,

Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain;
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
 Tho' well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
 Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd; 470
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
 Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed day! 475
 First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
 First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
 We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
 Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead! 481
 Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
 And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
 The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood; 485
 Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
 They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
 In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
 Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain;
 Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go, 490
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
 Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
 On some good man, or woman, unprov'd
 Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands 495
 A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
 Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
 The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
 Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
 Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
 Trail'd on the dust, beneath the yoke were spread, 500
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
 Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Unhappy courfers of immortal strain!
 Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain; 505
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
 Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?

For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
 What wretched creature of what wretched kind, 510
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
 A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
 For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
 High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
 He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies. 515
 Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,
 Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.
 Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
 Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.
 For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er 520
 The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
 The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
 With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
 Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course; 525
 From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
 The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:
 So flies a vulture through the clam'rous train
 Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
 From danger now with swiftest speed they flew, 530
 And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
 Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
 Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
 Him brave Alcimedon beheld distressed,
 Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address. 535

What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
 Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
 Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
 Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time, the charioteer replies, 540
 The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
 No Greek like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,
 Or holds their fury in suspended reins;
 Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
 But now Patroclus is an empty name! 545
 To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
 The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.

His

His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd, 550
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.

Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!

The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight :
Can such opponents stand, when we assail? 556
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the counsel yields ;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields ;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd, 560
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.

Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds ;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn.
In vain advance! not fated to return. 565

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :
Oh keep the foaming courfers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, 570
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe ;
'Tis Hector comes ; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean : he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd, 575
With great Atrides. Hither turn, he said,
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid ;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Upheld we stand, unequal to engage 580
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage :
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine : th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young ; 585
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art ;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.

As when the pond'rous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ; 589
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground :

Thus

Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembles as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow, 595
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head ;
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.

With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd ; 601
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood :

His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice. 605
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore ;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610
And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid. 615

As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war),
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies, 620
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.

In such a form the goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls. 625

And lies Achilles' friend, - belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell :
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell !

Oh chief ! oh father ! Atreus' son replies, 630
Oh full of days ! by long experience wise !
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd ?

Ah

Ah would Minerva fend me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war ! 635

But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight, 640
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.

So burns the vengeful hornet, foul all o'er,
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore ;
Bold son of Air and Heat, on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings. 645
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eetion's son, and Podes was his name ;
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest, 650
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest ;

Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god ; 655
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).

Oh prince, he cry'd, oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou, at length, to Menelaus yield, 660
A chief once thought no terror of the field ;

Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled,
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead ! 665
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670
Involv'd the mount ; the thunder roar'd aloud ;

Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god :
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly. 675
Then

Then trembled Greece: the flight Penelus led;
 For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
 To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
 And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
 By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
 Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain,
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain. 682

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
 The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
 The brittle point before his cors'let yields; 685
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
 High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
 The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
 But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
 Strook to the dust the 'squire and charioteer 690
 Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
 Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
 On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
 But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought, 695
 And with his life his master's safety bought.
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
 Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein; 700
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless war;
 Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descry'd, 705
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
 To Atreus' feed, the godlike Telamon.

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band? 710
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
 Not so our spears: incessant tho' they rain,
 He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
 Deserted of the god, yet let us try 715
 What human strength and prudence can supply;

If

If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates. 720
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear

The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not thro' the host : 725
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In gen'ral darkness.—Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more : 730
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey;
But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray; 735
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy fight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news.—Atrides haltes away. 740

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herds-men, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands, 745
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place;
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace; 750
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art; 755
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view: 760
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
 Then stoops, and fousing on the quiv'ring hair, 765
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness, his exerted fight
 Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
 Till on the left the chief he sought he found;
 Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around. 770
 To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
 Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn!
 How Iliön triumphs, and th' Achaïans mourn.
 This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore 775
 Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more;
 Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
 The sad Achilles how his lov'd one fell:
 He too may haste the naked corse to gain;
 The arms are Hector's, who dispoil'd the slain. 780
 The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
 Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
 What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
 To brave Laodocus his arms he flung, 785
 Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
 Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
 With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
 Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaus stands,
 Though fore distressed, to aid the Pylian bands; 790
 But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
 Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
 Gone is Antilochus, the hero said,
 But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
 Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, 795
 Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
 'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
 And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
 Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate. 800
 'Tis

'Tis well, said Ajax, be it then thy care,
 With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
 Myself and my bold brother will sustain
 The shock of Hector and his charging train:
 Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side; 805
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
 High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
 A general clamour rises at the sight;
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight. 810
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that, many a length before
 Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
 But if the savage turns his glaring eye, 815
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lines show'r:
 But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field. 820

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire, 825
 To whelm some city under waves of fire;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
 The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles. 830
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unweildy length;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil, 835
 Th' enormous timber lab'ring down the hill;
 So these.—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus when a river, swell'd with sudden rains,
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains, 840
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.

Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains, 845
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry: 850
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay:
 Such horror Jove imprest! Yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XVIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

'The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him
by Vulcan.

T H E news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:

There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails, 5
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;
 Pensive he sat ; for all that fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.

Thus to his soul he said. Ah, what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains ? 10

Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe !

So Thetis warn'd, when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
 Should lose the light ? Fulfil'd is that decree ; 15

Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he !
 In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain !

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears. 20

Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger !
 Dead is Patroclus ! for his corse they fight ;
 His naked corse ; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot thro' all the chief, 25
 And wrapt his senses in a cloud of grief ;

Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears : 30

On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms), 34

Rush'd from the tents with cries ; and gath'ring round,
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :

While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;

Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
 And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
 With hoary Nereus, and the watry train,

The mother goddess, from her crystal throne,
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.

The circling Nereids with their mistress weep, 45
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

Thalia,

Thalia, Glauce, ev'ry watry name,
 Nesea mild, and silver Spio came :
 Cymothœ and Cymodoce were nigh,
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye. 50
 Their locks Actœa and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
 Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;
 Agave gentle, and Ampithœ gay :
 Next Callianira, Callianassa, show 55
 Their sister looks ; Dexamene the slow,
 And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides :
 Iæra now the verdant wave divides :
 Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed : 60
 These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
 Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend.
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
 And Amatheia with her amber hair ;
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65
 Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd ;
 Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
 Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main ?
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain ? 70
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state !
 Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name ;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand 75
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land ;
 To Troy I sent him ; but the fates ordain
 He never, never must return again.
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
 So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too. 80
 Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore !
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main, 85
 All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
 Attend her way. Wide-op'ning part the tides,
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides.

Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90
 Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
 Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
 And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request 95
 The god has granted, and the Greeks distressed:
 Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
 Not ev'n the thund'rer's favour brings relief. 100
 Patroclus—ah!—Say, goddess, can I boast
 A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost;
 Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
 Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
 Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd 105
 On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
 Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
 Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign; 110
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
 For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain, 115
 New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
 'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
 Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart; 120
 On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed,
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
 When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die, 125
 And let me fall! Achilles made reply.
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away, 130
 Since,

Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 'The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill), 135

Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
 Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
 Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste; 140
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.

Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend; 145
 Or, if the gods ordain it, meet my end.

The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death. 150
 So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.

Shall I not force some widow dame to tear, 155
 With frantic hands, her long dishevell'd hair?
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?

Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
 In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide, 161
 That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son, (Cærulean Thetis made reply,
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh),
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165
 Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.

But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170

Yet, yet a while, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,

Charg'd

Charg'd with refulgent arms, a glorious load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.

Then turning to the daughters of the main, 175
The goddesses thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend,
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine, 180
Where vast Olympus starry summits shine:

So tell our hoary sire.—This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Ug'd to broad Hellespont their headlong course: 186
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe thro' the tempest to the tented shore.

The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind; 190
And, like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.

Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain; 195
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.

With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires;
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200

Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day,
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.

The various goddesses of the show'ry bow, 205
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below,
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.

Rise, son of Peleus! rise, divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save: 210
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:

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A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to ly, 215

And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Rise, and prevent, if yet you think of fame,

Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, goddess! from th' ætherial skies?

Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies. 220

I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,

Th' immortal empress of the realms above.

Unknown to him who sits remote on high,

Unknown to all the synod of the sky.

Thou com'st in vain, he cries, with fury warm'd; 225

Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,

Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,

Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield?

Except the mighty Telamonian shield? 230

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,

While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:

The gallant chief defends Menætiüs' son,

And does what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms, said Iris, well we know; 235

But tho' unarm'd, yet, clad in terrors, go!

Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,

Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,

Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose;

Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;

Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;

A stream of glory flam'd above his head.

As when from some beleagu'rd town arise 245

The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies;

(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,

When men, distress'd, hang out the sign of war);

Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,

Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze; 250

With long-projected beams the seas are bright,

And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:

So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,

Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.

Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,

High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud; 255

With

With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
 'Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth, from far,
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war, 260
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply ;
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
 Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
 And back the chariots roll, and courfers bound, 265
 And steeds and men ly mingled on the ground.
 Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd. 270
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :
 While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears : 275
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead.
 Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
 He sent refulgent to the field of war ; 280
 Unhappy change ! now senseless, pale, he found,
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unwear'd with his heav'nly way,
 In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
 Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command, 285
 And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
 The frightened Trojans, (panting from the war,
 Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car),
 A sudden council call'd ; each chief appear'd
 In haste, and standing, for to sit they fear'd. 290
 'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;
 They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
 Silent they stood : Polydamas, at last,
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
 The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears : 295
 (The friend of Hector, and of equal years :
 The self-same night to both a being gave,
 One wise in council, one in action brave).

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
 For me, I move, before the morning break, 300
 To raise our camp; too dang'rous here our post,
 Far from Troy's walls, and on a naked coast.
 I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail, 305
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand fail.
 I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day; 310
 For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Haste then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here, 315
 That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
 And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
 If heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply;
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs, 325
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
 Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again: 330
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.
 Return! (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain);
 What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, lay, 335
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old,
 For brags exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd; 340
 The

The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
 And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
 Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
 Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite? 345
 Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.

To better counsel then attention lend;
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share; 350

'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
 Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
 If great Achilles rise in all his might, 355

His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;

And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!

Mars is our common lord, alike to all;

And oft the victor triumphs but to fall. 360

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;
 So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind,
 To their own sense condemn'd! and left to chuse
 The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign, 365
 Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.

Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;

Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,

Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start

The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.

The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung, 371

Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:

When the grim savage to his rifled den

Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,

And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; 375

His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.

So grieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents,

To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, gods! did I engage?

When to console Menæti'us' feeble age, 380

I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,

Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore!

But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
 The long, long views of poor designing man!
 One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike, 385
 And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
 Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
 An aged father never see me more!
 Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390
 Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
 And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire; 395
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
 Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
 While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day: 400
 Spoils of my arms, and thine, when, wasting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound
 A massy cauldron of stupendous frame 405
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
 Then heap'd the lighted wood; the flame divides
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
 In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
 High on a bed of state extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw; 415
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
 His wife and sister, spoke almighty Jove.
 At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
 Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won. 420
 Say, for I know not, is their race divine,
 And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these, (th' imperial dames replies,
 While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes);

Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425
 And such success mere human wit attend :
 And shall not I, the second pow'r above,
 Heav'n's queen, and consort of the thund'ring Jove ;
 Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
 Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ? 430

So they. Meanwhile, the silver-footed dame
 Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame !
 High-eminent amid the works divine,
 Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
 There the lame architect the goddess found, 435
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
 And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
 That day no common task his labour claim'd ;
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440
 That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
 Wond'rous to tell, instinct with spirit roll'd
 From place to place, around the blest abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods :
 For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
 In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours. 446
 Just as responsive to his thought the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came :
 Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair), 450
 Observ'd her ent'ring : her soft hand she press'd,
 And, smiling, thus the watry queen address'd.

What, goddess ! this unusual favour draws ?
 All hail, and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause :
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour, 455
 Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
 And various artifice, the queen she plac'd ;
 A footstool at her feet : then calling, said,
 Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid. 460
 Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name !
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
 (My aukward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye),
 She, and Eurynome, my griefs redrest, 465
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.

Ev'n

Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay conceal'd from man and god: 470
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,
 For such desert what service can I pay?
 Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share 475
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
 While I the labours of the forge forego,
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
 Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes, 480
 And stills the bellows, and, in order laid,
 Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.

Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
 His brawny arms, embrown'd, and hairy breast.
 With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire, 485
 Came halting forth the sov'reign of the fire;

The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
 That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold:
 To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n
 Of works divine, (such wonders are in heav'n)! 490

On these supported, with unequal gait,
 He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;
 There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
 He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome goddess! what occasion calls, 495
 So long a stranger to these honour'd walls?
 'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
 And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
 (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes), 500
 O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine

So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
 Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
 For Thetis only such a weight of care?
 I, only I, of all the watry race, 505

By force subjected to a man's embrace,
 Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
 The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name; 510
 Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him, but his native shore
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with sacred woe); 515
 Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!
 Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian suffrage gave,
 The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
 For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks, oppress'd,
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd. 520
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
 In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend
 His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
 He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy:
 Then slain by Phœbus, Hector had the name, 525
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more! 530
 To her the artist-god. Thy griefs resign,
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
 O could I hide him from the fates as well,
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze 535
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
 Thus having said, the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
 Their iron mouths; and, where the furnace burn'd,
 Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires, 541
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
 Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd, 545
 And stubborn brags, and tin, and solid gold:
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round, 549
 And thick strong strokes the doubling vaults rebound.
 Then

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
 Its outmost verge a threefold circle bound;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round.
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
 And godlike labours on the surface rose.

There shone the image of the master mind:
 There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;
 Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
 The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team; 561
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' ætherial plain, 565
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of peace, and one of war;
 Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite; 570
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
 Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row, 575
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a num'rous train,
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
 And bade the public and the laws decide: 580
 The witness is produc'd on either hand;
 For this, or that, the partial people stand:
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands;
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585
 The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
 And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right. 590

Another part, a prospect differing far,
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, 595
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare :
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
 They march ; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold, 600
 And gold their armour ; these the squadron led,
 Auguit, divine, superior by the head !
 A place for ambush fit, they found, and flood,
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem 605
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains ;
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610
 In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
 Rush sudden : hills of slaughter heap the ground,
 Whole flocks and herds ly bleeding on the plains,
 And all, amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains !
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ; 615
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war ;
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
 There Tumult, there Contention, stood confest ;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast, 620
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead ;
 Now here, now there, the carcases they tore :
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye ; 625
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
 A field deep furrow'd, next the god design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;
 The shining shares full many plowmen guide,
 And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side. 630
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd ;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil :
 Behind,

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Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd, 635
And fable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here, stretch'd in ranks, the levell'd swarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands; 641
The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field describes, 645
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim-ox the sturdy youths prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care. 650

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place; 655
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' inclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths), that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold, 665
Rear high their horns, and seem to lowe in gold,
And sped to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardian stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band. 670
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd;
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood,
They tore his flesh, and drank the fable blood.
The dogs, oft cheer'd in vain, desert the prey, 675
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads :
 And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
 And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd dance succeeds ; such once was seen
 In lofty Gnosſus, for the Cretan queen,
 Form'd by Dædalean art. A comely band
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand ;
 The maids in soft cymars of linen dress'd : 685
 The youths all, graceful in the glossy vest ;
 Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
 That, glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.

Now all at once they rise, at once descend, 690
 With well-taught feet : now shape, in oblique ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :

Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695
 And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost :

The gazing multitudes admire around ;
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
 And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. 700

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires 705
 He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires,
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest ;
 At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay ;
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way, 710
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XIX.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by *Vulcan*. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* are solemnly reconciled: The speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. *Achilles* is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of *Ulysses*. The presents are conveyed to the tent of *Achilles*; where *Briséis* laments over the body of *Patroclus*. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. *Minerva* descends to strengthen him, by the order of *Jupiter*. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of *Patroclus*. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day, The scene is on the sea-shore.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light),
Th'

Th' immortal arms the goddess-mother bears 5
 Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
 Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
 Their sov'reign's sorrows in their own exprest.
 A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
 And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said. 10
 Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
 It was not man, but heav'n, that gave the blow;
 Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd;
 Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.
 Then drops the radiant burden on the ground; 15
 Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
 Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprize,
 And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
 Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
 And feels with rage divine his bosom glow; 20
 From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
 And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
 He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
 On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
 Goddess, (he cry'd), these glorious arms that shine 25
 With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
 Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
 But, ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
 In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
 Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead? 30
 That unavailing care be laid aside,
 (The azure goddess to her son reply'd),
 Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
 Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
 But go, Achilles, (as affairs require), 35
 Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
 Then uncontroul'd in boundless war engage,
 And heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage!
 Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
 Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd 40
 O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
 Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
 Achilles to the strand obedient went:
 The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
 The heroes heard, and all the naval train 45
 That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
 Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
 Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
 Studious to see that terror of the plain,
 Long lost to battle, shine in arms again, 50
 Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
 Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;
 These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
 The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
 He too sore wounded by Agenor's son. 55
 Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

O monarch! better far had been the fate
 Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
 If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
 Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid) 60
 Preventing Dian had despatch'd her dart,
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart!
 Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
 Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
 Long, long, shall Greece the woes we caus'd, bewail,
 And sad posterity repeat the tale. 66

But this, no more the subject of debate,
 Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
 Why should (alas) a mortal man, as I,
 Burn with a fury that can never die? 70
 Here then my anger ends: let war succeed,
 And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
 Now call the hosts, and try, if, in our sight,
 Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
 I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows, 75
 Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
 The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
 When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
 In state unmov'd, the king of men begun. 80

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
 And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
 A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
 And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
 Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause, 85
 Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
 Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
 Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling fate,

With

With fell Erinnyes, urg'd my wrath that day
 When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey. 90
 What then could I, against the will of heav'n?
 Not by myself, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
 She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infect
 The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
 Not on the ground that haughty fury treads, 95
 But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
 Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
 Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
 Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
 And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods, 100
 The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
 Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art;
 For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
 And Jove expected his immortal son;
 To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy 105
 He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
 From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
 Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
 Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
 And fix dominion on the favour'd youth. 110
 The Thund'rer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a god.
 The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height,
 Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
 Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus his wife; 115
 She push'd her ling'ring infant into life:
 Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
 Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
 "A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind 120
 "Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
 "And claims thy promise to be king of kings."
 Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
 From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat, 125
 He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
 The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
 Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
 And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
 From bright Olympus and the starry heav'n: 130

Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
 Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
 Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
 Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
 Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I mislead, 135
 While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
 What can the errors of my rage atone?

My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
 This instant from the navy shall be sent
 Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent: 140
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
 (Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
 'To keep or send the presents be thy care; 145
 'To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
 Let ev'ry Greek, who sees my spear confound
 The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round, 150
 With emulation, what I act, survey,
 And learn from thence the bus'ness of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
 The great in councils, Ithacus the wise.
 Tho' godlike thou art by no toils oppress'd, 155
 At least our armies claim repast and rest:
 Long and laborious must the combat be,
 When by the gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
 And those augment by gen'rous wine and food; 160
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,
 Can last a hero thro' a single day?

Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd, 165
 The dropping body will desert the mind:
 But built a-new with strength-conferring fare,
 With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
 Dismiss the people then, and give command,
 With strong repast to hearten every band; 170
 But let the presents to Achilles made,
 In full assembly of all Greece be laid.

The king of men shall rise in public fight,
 And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
 That spotless as she came, the maid removes, 175
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
 And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
 Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sov'reign might,
 Beyond the bounds of reason and of right; 180
 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd
 To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.
 To him the monarch. Just is thy decree;
 Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
 Each due atonement gladly I prepare, 185
 And heav'n regard me as I justly swear!
 Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made. 190
 A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
 Talthybius shall the victim bear convey, 195
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.
 For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more. 200
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
 All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
 Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant should commence the fight.
 Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls, 205
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
 Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door. 210
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Fat'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of Greeks, (Ulysses thus rejoin'd), 215
 The best and bravest of the warrior kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield;
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field; 220
 Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
 The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, 225
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day. 230
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow, 235
 And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war;
 Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind. 240
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend.
 And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent.
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir, 245
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
 With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
 Swift, as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid; 250
 A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;
 Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;
 The eight Briseis, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before, 255
 First of the train, the golden talents bore;

The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
 The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword: 260
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
 He crops, and, off'ring, meditates his vow.
 His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
 The solemn words, a deep attention draw, 265
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness thou first! thou greatest pow'r above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
 And mother earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
 And ye, fell furies of the realms of night, 270
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed, 275
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground,
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know,
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
 Not else Atreides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all, 285
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
 Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
 Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd. 290
 Achilles sought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
 Those in the tents the squires industrious spread:
 The foaming courfers to the stalls they led.
 To their new seats the female captives move; 295
 Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,
 Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
 Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.

Prone

Book XIX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 377

Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair; 300
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay; 305
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!

What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first-lov'd consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled: 310

My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain; 315

Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love,
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.

Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe! 320

Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd he hear'd them, and with sighs deny'd.

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care 325
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race, 330
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents), 335
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind? 340

What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
 What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
 Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
 His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
 What more, should Neoptolemus the brave 345
 (My only offspring) sink into the grave?
 If yet that offspring lives; (I distant far,
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
 I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
 Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend. 350
 I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,
 From Scyros ille conduct him o'er the main,
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
 The lofty palace, and the large domain. 355
 For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
 But till the news of my sad fate invades
 His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.
 Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd, 360
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
 Their mingled grief the fire of heav'n survey'd,
 And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.
 Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war? 365
 Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
 Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
 Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.
 He spoke, and, sudden at the word of Jove, 370
 Shot the descending goddess from above.
 So swift thro' æther the shrill harpy springs,
 The wide air floating to her ample wings,
 To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
 And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast, 375
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!)
 Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
 Now issued from the ships the warrior train,
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
 As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow, 380
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;

From

From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields 384
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields ;
 Broad glitt'ring breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze :

Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound, [around.
 With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields

Full in the midst, high tow'ring o'er the rest, 390
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest ;

Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.

Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ; 395

He grinds his teeth, and, furious with delay,
 O'erlooks th' embattel'd host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuirasses first his thighs infold :

Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold.

The brazen sword a various baldric ty'd, 400

That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side ;

And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield

Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,

Wide o'er the watry waite, a light appears, 405

Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,

Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky :

With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;

Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd ; behind 410

The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :

Like the red star, that from his flaming hair

Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war ;

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,

Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories
 shed. 415

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes ;

His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;

Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear, 420

Pond'rous and huge ! which not a Greek could rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire

Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire ;

A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields: 425

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courfers, and the radiant car,
(The silver traces sweeping at their side),
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind, 430
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire; 435

Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day,
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.

Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain, 440
(Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain),
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,

And learn to make your master more your care:
Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. 445

The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head,
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke 450
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war;
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom. 455

Not thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail, 460
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd, 465
With

With unabated rage—So let it be !
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fates: to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in night; 470
Now perish Troy ! he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE

T H E I L I A D.

B O O K XX.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The battle of the gods, and the acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo, conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides, breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command to call 5
'The gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies,
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome. 10
Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;

All

All but old Ocean, hoary fire ! who keeps 15
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan), sat the pow'rs around,
Ev'n * he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, 20
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,

And question'd thus the fire of men and gods. [mands,
What moves the God who heav'n and earth com-
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state ? 25

Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate ?
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true, (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies),
This day we call the council of the skies 30

In care of human race ; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die,

Far on Olympus' top, in secret state,
Ourselves will sit, and see the hand of fate

Work out our will. Celestial powers ! descend, 35
And as your minds direct, your succour lend

To either host. Troy soon must ly o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone :

Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise ? 40

Assist them, gods ! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.

He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with rage :
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.

Heav'n's awful queen ; and he whose azure round 45
Girds the vast globe ; the maid in arms renown'd ;

Hermes, of profitable arts the fire ;
And Vulcan, the black sov'reign of the fire :

These to the fleet repair with instant flight ;
The vessels tremble as the gods alight. 50

In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,

* Neptune.

Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
 And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
 Ere yet the gods their various aid employ, 55
 Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
 While great Achilles, (terror of the plain),
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
 Dreadful he stood, in front of all his host;
 Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost; 60
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
 And trembling see another god of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,
 Then Tumult rose; fierce Rage and pale Affright
 Vary'd each face; then Discord sounds alarms, 65
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
 Now thro' the trembling shores Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
 Mars, hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds: 70
 Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours,
 With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs,
 Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
 The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
 Above, the fire of gods his thunder rolls, 75
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
 Thro' all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods. 80
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
 And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal monarch rear'd his hoary head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
 His dark dominions open to the day, 86
 And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors rend
 The world's vast concave, when the gods contend. 90
 First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
 Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
 The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,
 Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.

Against

Against Latona march'd the son of May ; 95
 The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,
 (Her golden arrows sounding at her side),
 Saturnia, majesty of heav'n, defy'd.
 With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ; 100
 Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.
 While thus the gods in various league engage,
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :
 Hector he sought ; in search of Hector turn'd 105
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ;
 And burst like lightning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
 To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;
 Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way, 110
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
 Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.
 Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
 In voice and aspect seem'd the pow'r divine ;
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn 115
 In distant threats he brav'd the goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain,
 To meet Pelides you persuade in vain :
 Already have I met, nor, void of fear,
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear ; 120
 From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd :
 Lyrnessus, Pedasus, in ashes lay ;
 But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day.
 Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight, 125
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
 Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
 What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
 Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain, 130 }
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
 Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,
 Tho' strong in battle as a brazen tow'r.
 To whom the son of Jove. That God implore,
 And be, what great Achilles was before. 135

From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
 And he, but from a sister of the main;
 An aged sea-god, father of his line,
 But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
 Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, 140
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
 Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest:
 His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
 And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said. 145
 Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
 Lo, great Æneas rushing to the war;
 Against Pelides he directs his course,
 Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
 Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend 150
 Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,
 We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
 Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line: 155
 But lest some adverse god now cross his way,
 Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
 When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she, and thus the god whose force can make
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake. 161
 Against the might of man, so feeble known,
 Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
 Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene;
 And leave to war the fates of mortal men. 165
 But if th' armipotent, or god of light,
 Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
 Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
 And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd, 170
 Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
 Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
 Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around; 175
 In elder times to guard Alcides made,
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid),

What

What time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair, 180
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
'The adverse pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heav'nly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate; 185
But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright, 190
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,
There great Achilles; bold Æneas here.
With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd, 195
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, 200
Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan; 205
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.

Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war, 215
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize;

Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell; 220
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious tract of land?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain? 225
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled, 230
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd;
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast. 235
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
 To this Anchises' son. Such words employ 240
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame; 245
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
 Each goddess-born; half human, half divine.
 Thetis this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend, 250
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth,
 (A tale refounded thro' the spacious earth),
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove: 255
 Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs, 260
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;

Three

Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead :
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain; 271
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
 Such Erichthomius was : from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name. 275
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede :
 The matchless Ganymede, divinely fair,
 Whom heav'n, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,
 To bear the cup of Jove, (ethereal guest), 280
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast.
 The two remaining sons the line divide :
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;
 From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam, (blest with Hector, brave and bold); 285
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Assaracus sprung Capys: he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race ; 'tis fortune gives us birth, 290
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth :
 He, source of pow'r and might ! with boundless sway,
 All human courage gives, or takes away.
 Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, 295
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
 So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;
 Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail :
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar, 300
 Perhaps excel us in the wordy war ;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.

Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might. 305
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.

He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far, on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held 310
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it stuck; nor, void of fear,
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ethereal arms. 315

Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd;
Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Compos'd the shield, of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold: 320
There stuck the lance. Then, rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,

And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides, 325
And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.

Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear: 330
A fate, so near him, chills his soul with fright,
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.

Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on, 335
(With force collected), heaves a mighty stone:

A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around. 340

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the god.

And

And can ye see this righteous chief atone, 345
 With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
 To all the gods his constant vows were paid :
 Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
 Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
 The future father of the Dardan line : 350
 The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
 And still his love descends on all the race.
 For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
 At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind ;
 On great Æneas shall devolve the reign, 355
 And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
 The great earth-shaker thus : to whom replies
 Th' imperial goddess with the radiant eyes.
 Good as he is, to immolate or spare
 The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care ; 360
 Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
 Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind ;
 Not even an instant to protract their fate,
 Or save one member of the sinking state ;
 Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, 365
 And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of ocean to the fight descends,
 Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. 370
 From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
 And at its master's feet the weapon threw.
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the sky,
 Smooth gliding without step, above the heads 375
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds.
 Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
 Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight :
 The godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
 With words like these the panting chief address'd. 380

What pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far
 Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war !
 Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
 Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
 But when the day decreed (for come it must) 385
 Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,

Let

Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away: 390

Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.

Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders strike my mind!

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord 395

That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!

I thought alone with mortals to contend,

But pow'rs celestial sure this foe defend.

Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly. 400

Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud

He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:

O Greeks, (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms),

Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!

'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky, 405

To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:

No god can singly such a host engage,

Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.

But whatfo'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire; 410

Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;

All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.

Thro' yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,

And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said: nor less elate with martial joy, 415

The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.

Trojans, to war! think Hector leads you on;

Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.

Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words

Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords: 420

The weakest atheist-wretch all heav'n defies,

But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.

Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,

Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand, 425

And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;

A wood of lances rises round his head,

Clamours

Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. 430
But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son ;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the god of light, 435
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head ;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led ; 440
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Nais of the flood :
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below :
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides ; 445
The parted visage falls on equal sides :
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain ;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain.

Ly there, Otryntides ! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gyge boast thy birth ; 450
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermes swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore, 455
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid ;
Th' impatient steel with full descending sway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way, 460
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight :
The lance arrests him : an ignoble wound 465
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul : not louder roars
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores
The victim bull ; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound. 470

Then

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
 The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age;
 (Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass);
 Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.
 To the forbidden field he takes his flight 475
 In the first folly of a youthful knight,
 To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
 But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
 Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
 And golden rings the double back-plate join'd: 480
 Forth thro' the navel burst the thrilling steel;
 And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
 The rushing entrails, pour'd upon the ground,
 His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
 When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore, 485
 Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore;
 A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
 His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,
 Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
 And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame. 490
 The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,
 His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
 And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
 The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
 No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear 495
 Turn from each other in the walks of war—
 Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
 Come, and receive thy fate! he spake no more.
 Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy: 500
 Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
 I know thy force to mine superior far;
 But heav'n alone confers success in war:
 Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart, 505
 And give it entrance in a braver heart.
 Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath
 Far from Achilles wafts the winged death;
 The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
 And at the feet of its great master lies. 510
 Achilles closes with his hated foe,
 His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:

But

But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
 The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
 Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart, 515
 Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart;
 The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
 He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy flight
 Has sav'd thee, and the partial god of light. 520

But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
 If any power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain: 525

Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
 And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
 Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
 And for the soul an ample passage made. 530

Laogonus and Dardanus expire,

The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;

Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,

Sunk in one instant to the nether world;

This diff'rence only their sad fates afford, 535

That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpity'd, young Alastor bleeds;

In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads;

In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,

To spare a form, an age, so like thy own! 540

Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,

E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

While yet he trembled at his knees and cry'd,

The ruthless faulchion ope'd his tender side;

The panting liver pours a flood of gore 545

That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear,

The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.

Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,

Deep thro' the front the pond'rous faulchion cleaves;

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies, 551

The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.

Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung

Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;

He

He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight, 555
 And stood, all-impotent, expecting fate :
 Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
 From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head ;
 Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
 And, sunk in dust, the corps extended lies. 560
 Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
 (The son of Pireus, an illustrious name),
 Succeeds to fate : the spear his belly rends ;
 Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends :
 The squire, who saw expiring on the ground 565
 His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around :
 His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian jav'lin gor'd ;
 And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
 As when a flame the winding valley fills,
 And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills : 570
 Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
 Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
 This way and that, the spreading torrent roars ;
 So sweeps the hero thro' the walled shores ;
 Around him wide immense destruction pours, 575
 And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
 As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
 And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor,
 When round and round, with never weary'd pain,
 The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain :
 So the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls, 581
 Tread down whole ranks, and crush our heroes' souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
 Black, bloody drops the smoaking chariot dye :
 The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ; 585
 And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood :
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;
 Such is the lust of never-dying fame ! 590

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XXI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The battle in the river Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles; some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove;
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds):

L 1

Part

Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
 'The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores: 10
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round, }
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire; 15
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
 'The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:
 So plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside, 20
 (Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide),
 'Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,
 Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the waves:
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound; 25
 Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie.
 So the huge dolphin tempesting the main, 30
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train;
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; 35
 With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
 'These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
 Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus shade.
 Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood, 40
 'The young Lycaon in his passage flood;
 'The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
 But late made captive in his father's land,
 (As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel), 45
 To Lemnos isle he sold the royal slave,
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
 But kind Eetion touching on the shore,
 'The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.

Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
 He felt the sweets of liberty again;
 The next, that god whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
 Now never to return! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below. 55

His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield),
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, 60
 And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!
 Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?
 Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field: 65
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound
 And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain:
 Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear! 70
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
 If earth at length this active prince can seize,
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
 Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, 76
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
 Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
 And while above the spear suspended stood, 80
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
 One hand embrac'd them close, one stop't the dart;
 While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee. 85
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
 Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
 Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore:
 A hundred oxen were his price that day, 90
 Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.

Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
 And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
 Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
 Again, her victim cruel fate demands! 95
 I sprung from Priam, and Laothœe fair,
 (Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
 Who held in Pedafus his fam'd abode,
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd);
 Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore; 100 }
 For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
 How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
 Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind, 105
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
 These words, attended with a show'r of tears,
 The youth address'd to unrelenting ears: 110
 Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies),
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
 But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
 Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore? 115
 The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
 "And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?"
 Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born; 120
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
 By night, or day, by force, or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.
 Die then—He said; and, as the word he spoke, 125
 The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear;
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.
 Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
 Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand:
 The

The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound: 135
There no sad mother shall thy fun'ral weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose ev'ry wave some watry monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140

So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance be complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid. 150

These boastful words provoke the raging god;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs, in arms to dare 155
The great Asteropus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribœa's love the god had crown'd,
With all his reflux waters circled round); 160
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
To avenge his waters, choak'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began. 165

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire,
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race? 170
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:

Axius, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills, 175
 And wide around the floated region fills,
 Begot my fire, whose spear such glory won:
 Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threat'ning he said: the hostile chiefs advance:
 At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance, 180
 (For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield),
 One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
 One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
 Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
 Like lightning next the Pelian jav'lin flies: 185

Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies:
 Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
 Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190

The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
 Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
 'The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
 His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, 195
 The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead: 200

So ends thy glory! such the fate they prove,
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a river didst thou boast thy line,
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy watry progeny? 205

Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superior far to those,
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son. 210

Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear, 215
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He

He said; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave; 220
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream, (their mightiest slain),
Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain;
He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus ſlew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænias fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound. 230

O fiſt of mortals! (for the gods are thine),
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my choak'd ſtreans no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep. 236
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood:
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a god.

In human form confeſs'd, before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies. 240
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall, 245
Or ſlain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.

He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O ſon of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the fire above 250
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?

He ſpoke in vain—The chief without diſmay 255
Ploughs thro' the boiling furge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,

Huge

Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost. 260
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high,
 (A watry bulwark), skreen the bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265
 His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide;
 Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the border stood
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way, 270
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero lay'd
 On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
 The god pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race),
 Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide;
 The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bow'rs,
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flow'rs;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills 295
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
 Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
 Still flies Achilles, but, before his eyes,
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies: 300
 Not

Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 'The first of men, but not a match for gods.
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
 So oft the surge, in watry mountains spread, 305
 Beat on his back, or bursts upon his head.
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil; 310
 When thus, (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown),
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no god Achilles to befriend?
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of fate.
 Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of 'Thetis, must her son complain;
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesy'd my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall. 320
 Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate; 325
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom, on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase to the sea. }

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, 330
 And thus in human form address the chief:
 The pow'r of ocean first. Forbear thy fear,
 Oh son of Peleus! Lo, thy gods appear!
 Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid. 335
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou the counsel heav'n suggests attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all 340
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:

Hector

Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance ;
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the gods :
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field :
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread ;
 Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms ; while casques of gold,
 And turn'd up bucklers, glitter'd as they roll'd. 351
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
 He wades, and mounts ; the parted wave resounds.
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force. 355

With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
 Then thus to Simois : Haste, my brother flood !
 And check this mortal that controuls a god.
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
 And Ilium tumble from her tow'ry height.
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
 From all thy fountains swell thy watry store,
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head. 365
 Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,
 And boldly bids the warring gods be foes !
 But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
 Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite :
 Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall ly, 370
 That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
 Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
 Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,
 No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace : 375
 No hand his bones shall gather, or inhumé,
 These his cold rites, and this his watry tomb.

He said ; and on the chief descends amain,
 Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
 Then, murmur'ing from his beds, he boils, he raves,
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves : 381
 At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.

Fear

Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid. 385

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow, 390
Pour the red torrent on the watry foe,
Corsets and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour, 395
Scorch all the banks! and, (till our voice reclaim),
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil; 400
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil:
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around. 405
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flow'ry Lotos, and the tam'risk, burn.
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire; 410
The watry willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, and fishes pant for breath,
The eels ly twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. 415
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the god he said.

Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall; if fate decree— 420
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 425
Amid

Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires,
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires :
 So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
 And, choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
 To Juno then, imperial queen of air, 430
 The burning river sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia ! must thy son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage ?
 On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
 For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy. 435
 Submissive I desist, if thou command,
 But ah ! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
 Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame, 440
 And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear :
 She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recal the flame, nor, in a mortal cause,
 Infest a god : th' obedient flame withdraws : 445
 Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
 The warring gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms ; 450
 With horrid clangor shock'd th' æthereal arms :
 Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
 Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending gods with careless eyes. 455
 The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen spear,
 And first assaults the radiant queen of war.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
 Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight ?
 What wonder this, when, in thy frantic mood, 460
 Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a god ;
 Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
 And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
 Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field ; 465
 The adamantine ægis of her fire,
 That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.

Then heav'd the goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
 There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
 This at the heav'nly homicide she cast. 471
 Thund'ring he falls; a mass of monstrous size,
 And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
 Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound: 475
 The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
 And, glorying thus, the prostrate god reviles.

Halt thou not yet, insatiate fury! known,
 How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
 Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand, 480
 Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
 Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
 And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
 That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day. 485
 Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
 Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:
 Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
 And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
 This the bright empress of the heav'n's survey'd, 490
 And scoffing, thus, to war's victorious maid.

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
 The smiles' and loves' unconquerable queen!
 Mark with what insolence, in open view,
 She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 495

Minerva, smiling, heard, the pair o'ertook,
 And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
 She, unresisting, fell; (her spirits fled);
 On earth together lay the lovers spread.
 And, like these heroes, be the fate of all, 500
 (Minerva cries), who guard the Trojan wall!

To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,
 So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
 Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
 Thus she, and Juno, with a smile, approv'd. 505

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
 The god of ocean dares the god of light.
 What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
 Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the
 sound?

Shall ignominious we, with shame retire, 510
 No deed perform'd, to our Olympian fire?
 Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
 Suits not my greatness, or superior age.
 Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
 (Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own), 515 }
 And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
 Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year!
 'Troy's walls I rais'd, (for such were Jove's commands),
 And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands: 520
 Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
 Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
 But when the circling seasons, in their train,
 Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
 With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd. 525
 Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:
 Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
 And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
 Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,
 And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 530
 Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
 And not, like us, infest the faithless race?
 Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
 And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
 Apollo thus: To combat for mankind 535
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
 For what is man? calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground: 540
 To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
 Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
 And from the senior pow'r submits retires;
 Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 545
 The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades.
 And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
 And yields to ocean's hoary fire the prize?
 How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
 Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 550

Now

Now boast no more in yon celestial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking pow'r.

Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What insolence has driven 555
Thy pride to face the majesty of heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 560
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness, on the pow'rs divine,
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage— 565
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
'These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scatt'ring arrows rattling from the case, 571
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above, 575
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die), there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war. 580
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go, matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 585
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That glitt'ring on the dust lay here and there,
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursu'd her to her blest abode,
Where, all confus'd, she sought the sov'reign god; 590
Weeping, she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The fire superior smil'd ; and bade her show
 What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe ?
 Abast'd, she names his own imperial spouse ; 595
 And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above : while, swiftly gliding down,
 Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town :
 The guardian god now trembled for her wall,
 And fear'd the Greeks, tho' fate forbade her fall. 600
 Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
 Return the shining bands of gods in arms ;
 Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire ;
 And take their thrones around th' æthereal fire :

Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds, 605
 O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
 As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n,
 On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n ;
 The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly ;
 And the red vapours purple all the sky. 610
 So rag'd Achilles : death and dire dismay,
 And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands ;
 Views, from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd flight, 615
 And the near hero rising on his sight !
 No stop, no check, no aid ! with feeble pace,
 And settled sorrow on his aged face,
 Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls ;
 And thus, descending on the guards, he calls. 620
 You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
 Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
 For lo ! he comes, with unresisted sway ;
 He comes, and desolation marks his way !
 But when within the walls our troops take breath, 625
 Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
 Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch : wide were flung
 The op'ning folds ; the sounding hinges rung.
 Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
 Strook slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat. 630
 On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
 And gladsome see their last escape from fate :
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
 Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain :

And

And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
 Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
 And Troy, inglorious, to her walls retir'd; 640
 But he*, the god, who darts ætherial flame,
 Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
 To young Agenor force divine he gave,
 (Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave),
 In aid of him, beside the beech he sat, 645
 And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
 When now the gen'rous youth Achilles spies,
 Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,
 (So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll),
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul. 650

What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road,
 Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
 No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— 655
 What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
 So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 660
 As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my Trojan friends,
 What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
 Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall, 665
 The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er, 'tis better, fighting for the state,
 Here, and in public view, to meet my fate. 670
 Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth), the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

* Apollo.

He said, and stood, collected in his might; 675
 And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
 So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
 Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
 Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
 Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds; 680
 Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain,
 And the barb'd jav'lin flings his breast in vain:
 On their whole war, untam'd, the savage flies;
 And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
 Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir 685
 Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
 Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
 His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
 Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
 The list'd jav'lin, thus bespoke the foe. 690

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
 And hopes, this day, to sink the Trojan name
 Beneath her ruins! know, that hope is vain;
 A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
 Parents and children our just arms employ, 695
 And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
 Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
 These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the jav'lin flung
 Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung, 700
 Beneath the pointed steel; but, safe from harms,
 He stands impassive in th' ætherial arms.
 Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
 His list'd arm prepares the fatal blow.
 But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds 705
 The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds:
 Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
 Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
 Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,
 Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape, 710
 Flies from the furious chief in this disguise,
 The furious chief still follows where he flies:
 Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
 Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
 The god now distant scarce a stride before, 715
 Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore:

While

While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy.
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

720

THE

T H E
I . L I A D.

B O O K XXII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The death of Hector.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take: but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

Close

Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields, 5
 Beneath one roof of well compacted ſhields,
 March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
 Far ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan tow'rs.
 Great Hector ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
 There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate; 10
 Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
 The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
 (The pow'r conſeſt in all his glory burns);
 And what (he cries) has Pelæus' ſon in view, 15
 With mortal ſpeed a godhead to purſue?
 For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
 Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
 What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
 Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain: 20
 Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
 While here thy frantic rage attacks a god.

The chief incens'd—Too partial god of day!
 To check my conquells in the middle way:
 How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found? 25
 What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?
 Thou robb'd me of a glory juſtly mine,
 Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
 Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
 To cheat a mortal who repines in vain. 30

Then to the city terrible and ſtrong,
 With high and haughty ſteps he tow'r'd along.
 So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
 To the near goal with double ardour flies.
 Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field, 35
 The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
 Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight,
 Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
 Orion's dog, (the year when Autumn weighs),
 And o'er the feeble ſtars exerts his rays; 40
 Terrific glory! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
 So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
 He ſtrikes his rev'rend head, now white with age:
 He liſts his whither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies; 45
 He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;

The

The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
 Full at the Scæan gates expects the war:
 While the sad father on the ramparts stands,
 And thus adjures him with extended hands, 50
 Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
 Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be 55
 To all the gods no dearer than to me!
 Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd: 60
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
 And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more! 65 }
 Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
 (Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter, with Lelegia's throne);
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost, 70
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I, unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee. 75
 Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; 80
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries!

My

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps, yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate,
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hail; 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best, 100
 Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm! 105
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
 That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said; and, acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! reverence
 The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r! 115
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou, (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains. 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
 Resolv'd he stands, and, with a fiery glance,
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.

So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
 Where lies my way! to enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recal;
 Shall proud Polydamus, before the gate, 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No—if I e'er return, return I must 150
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife with-held, the treasure ill detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land),
 With honourable justice to restore; 160
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain:
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk: 170
 War

War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that determine heav'n !

Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;

The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand, 175

Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;

And on his breast the beamy splendours shone,

Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.

As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,

Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;

Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,

(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),

Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey, 185

Obliquely wheeling thro' th'ærial way;

With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,

And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:

No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,

One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd: 190

Now circling round the walls their course maintain,

Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;

Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,

(A wider compass), smoke along the road.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195

Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;

This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,

With exhalations steaming to the skies;

That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,

Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows. 200

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,

Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;

Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)

Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

By these they past, one chacing, one in flight, 205

(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might),

Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,

No vulgar victim must reward the day,

(Such as in races crown the speedy strife),

The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210

As when some hero's fun'ral are decreed,

In grateful honour of the mighty deed;

N n

Where

Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
 To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
 The fire of mortals and immortals spoke. 220

Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious, round yon city driv'n!
 My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy, 225
 From Ida's summits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
 And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate),
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
 (Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?

Go then, (return'd the fire), without delay,
 Exert thy will: I give the fates their way. 240
 Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
 And swoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
 Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
 The certain hound his various maze pursues.
 Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
 And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
 (Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe),

So oft Achilles turns him to the plain : 255

He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As men in slumbers seem, with speedy pace,

One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,

Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,

Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake. 260

No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain ;

While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What god, O muse ! assisted Hector's force,

With fate itself so long to hold the course ?

Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour, 265

Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r ;

And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance

Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,

Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,

And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show

The fates of mortal men, and things below :

Here each contending hero's lot he tries,

And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

Low sinks the scale furcharg'd with Hector's fate ; 275

Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies

To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries ;

Oh lov'd of Jove ! this day our labours cease,

And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280

Great Hector falls ; that Hector, fam'd so far,

Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,

Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force, nor flight

Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.

See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285

Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove !

Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,

And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind

Obeys ; and rested, on his lance reclin'd. 290

While, like Deiphobus, the martial dame,

(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),

In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side

Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the fight 295

Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight ;

It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
more!

Since you, of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.

Again the goddess. Much my father's pray'r, 305
And much my mother's, press me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly; 310
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they meet. The silence Hector broke; 315
His dreadful plunage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Here walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate;
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!) 325

To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corps pursue;
Stript of its arms alone, (the conqu'rors due), 330
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths, (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
Detested as thou art, and ought to be, 335
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,

To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;

340

345

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He spoke, and lanc'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air:
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
'Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now snakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

350

355

The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.

360

But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.

365

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd
The mortal dart, resulting with a bound,
From off the ringing orb it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,

370

Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.

375

All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'Tis so—Heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he, secure, lies guarded in the wall.

380

A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
 Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
 No refuge now, no succour from above,
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate! 385
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great;
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390

So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
 Swoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare,
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares,
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone 395

The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step: (Vulcanian frame!)
 And, as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400

When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore, 405
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.

One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where, 'twixt the neck and throat, the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries.

At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain: [feet:
 Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you
 Achilles absent was Achilles still;

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

While;

While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death : 425
By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r ;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe ; 430
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst ; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r. 436

Could I myself the bloody banquet join !
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more ; 440
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame ;
'Tis Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew ; 445
Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree,
And angry gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ; 450
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. 'The fates suppress his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way, 455
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies. 460
Die thou the first ! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground ;

The

The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465
His manly beauty, and superior size :

While some ignobler the great dead deface,
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.

"How chang'd that Hector! who, like Jove of late,
"Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands, 471
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends.

Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475

'The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!

See, if already their deserted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
'The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain? 480

But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,

Divine Patroclus! death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninter'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,

'The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. 490

Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.

Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred, 495
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead),

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. 500

Proud on his car, th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.

He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Now lost is all that formidable air; 505
'The face divine, and long-descending hair,

Purple

Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And, in his parent's sight, now dragg'd along! 510
 The mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away. }
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans, 515
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe.
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun;
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask y none),
 And bow before the murd'rer of my f a.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
 He has a father too; a man like me;
 One, not exempt from age and misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
 Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace, 545
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
 Some

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around. 551

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears);
Ah, why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death? 555

Oh Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day 560
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate. 565

Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.

Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn, 570
The bath preparing for her lord's return:

In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear; 575

Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah, follow me! (she cry'd), what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My fault'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Ye gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast 585

Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:

Perhaps

Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.

A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem flew far away;

(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
Scarce from the verge of death recal'd again,
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life! 610
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.

From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd, 615
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost

Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620
Sad product now of hapless love remains!

No more to smile upon his fire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!

For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?

Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd, 626
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.

The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears 630
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;

Amongst

Amongst the happy, unregarded, he
Hangs on the rob, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread : 635
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, " Be gone ! thy father feasts not here : " 640
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears !
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls 650
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents and thy consort's care, 655
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and rob of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
An honour to the living, not the dead !
So spake the mournful dame ; her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

THE ILLIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wag-gons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacri-fices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris), rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot race, the fight of the cestus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antago-nists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.

O o

The

The body, soil'd with dust and black with gore,
 Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
 The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand, 5
 All but the martial Myrmidonian band:
 These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
 And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
 Release your smoking courfers from the car; 10
 But, with his chariot each in order led,
 Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
 Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
 Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led 15
 (Achilles first) their courfers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.

For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
 Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
 But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs 21
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
 His slaughter'd hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost 25
 Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
 Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
 The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
 Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
 And twelve sad victims of the Trojan line, 30
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire.
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
 Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
 Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around 35
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
 All to Achilles' fable ship repair,

Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire: 40
 The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebl'ier cries
 Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.

And

And now a band of Argive monarchs brings 45
The glorious victor to the king of kings.

From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround; 50
To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore.

No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear 55
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day, 60
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall: (such rites are paid
To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade):

Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire, 65
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey; }
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay, }
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day. }

But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore, 70
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while, on either hand,
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand:

Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall; 75
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.

When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he came, 80
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head, }
And sleeps Achilles? (thus the phantom said), }
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead? }
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care, 85
But now, forgot, I wander in the air;

Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
 And give me entrance in the realms below :
 Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chafe 90
 'The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
 Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.

Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.
 When once the last funereal flames ascend, 95
 No more shall meet Achilles and his friend,
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,
 Or quit the dearest to converse alone.

Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
 'The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth : 100
 'Thee too it waits ; before the Trojan wall
 Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.

Hear then ; and, as in fate and love we join,
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !
 Together have we liv'd, together bred, 105
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed :
 That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
 May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou ? (he answers) ; to my sight
 Once more return'lt thou from the realms of night ?
 Oh more than brother ! think each office paid, 110
 Whate'er can rest a discontented shade ;
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !
 Afford at least that melancholy joy.
 He said, and with his longing arms essay'd 115
 In vain to grasp the visionary shade ;
 Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
 And hears a feeble lamentable cry.

Confus'd he wakes ; amazement breaks the bands
 Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands, 120
 Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain ; man, tho' dead, retains
 Part of himself ; th' immortal mind remains :
 The form subsists without the body's aid,
 Aërial semblance, and an empty shade ! 125

This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost ;
 Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
 Alas ! how diff'rent, yet how like the same !

Thu

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears;
 And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears, 131
 Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erspread,
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
 But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
 With mules and waggons sends a chosen band; 135
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
 A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
 With proper instruments they take the road,
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load,
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow, 140
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
 Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
 Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.
 But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods,
 (Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods), 145
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
 Then rustling, crackling, crushing, thunder down.
 The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn; 150
 And the slow mules the same rough-road return.
 The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
 (Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;
 There, on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load; 155
 Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
 The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires, 160
 All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain:
 Next these the melancholy band appear;
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier: 165
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw;
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
 Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
 Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground 170
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.

But great Achilles stands apart in pray'r,
 And from his head divides the yellow hair ;
 Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
 And sacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood : 175
 Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
 And roll'd his eyes around the watry waste.
 Sperchius ! whose waves, in mazy errors lost,
 Delightful roll along my native coast !
 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn :
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
 And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs
 Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs ! 185
 So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain ;
 No more Achilles sees his native plain ;
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below.
 Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd, 190
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow :
 And now the sun had set upon their woe ;
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief.
 Enough, Atrides ! give the troops relief : 195
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre ;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
 He said : the people to their ships return :
 While those deputed to inter the slain, 200
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side ;
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,
 And well-fed sheep, and fable oxen slay : 205
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread.
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly courfers, with a deadly groan, 210
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord.

Then

Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell. 215

On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost 220
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.

Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend. 225

So spake he, threat'ning: but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day, 230
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh intire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian-fire. 235

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But fast beside Achilles stood in pray'r,
Invok'd the gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast, 240

To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' ærial pow'rs along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall, 245

Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.

She shone amidst them on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.

All from the banquet rise, and each invites 250
The various goddesses to partake the rites.

Not so, (the dame reply'd), I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:

Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end, 255

With

With righteous Æthiops, (uncorrupted train !)
 Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
 But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The western spirit, and the north to rise ;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n, 260
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view ;
 Swift as the word, the winds tumultuous flew ;
 Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before. 265
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,

The heaving deeps in watry mountains rise.
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
 With large libation from the golden bowl.

As a poor father, helpless and undone,
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, 275
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,

And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn :
 So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
 'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night, 280
 The morning planet told th' approach of light ;

And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :
 Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
 And to their caves the whistling winds return'd : 285
 Across the Thracian seas their course they bore ;
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
 And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
 Exhausted with his grief : meanwhile the crowd 290
 Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood ;
 The tumult wak'd him : from his eyes he shook
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name !
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame 295
 With fable wine ; then (as the rites direct)
 The hero's bones with careful view select :

(Apart,

(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margins will be seen, 300
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men):
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare,
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade. 305

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow 310 }
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subides the ashy heap below. }

Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore; 315
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd 'em round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods, for the fun'ral games, 325
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course.

A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom; 330
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.

The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame; 335
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.

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An ample double bowl contents the last.

These

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address the train. 340

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal courfers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's god 345
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd).

But this no time our vigour to display,
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck. 350
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trait those graceful honours on the sand!

Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise; 355

But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' Piera for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd, 360
Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).

'Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave), 365
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name), at home to end his days,
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.

Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse. 370
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

My son, tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast, 375
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380

Fear

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftneſs known;
 Compare thoſe rivals judgment, and thy own.
 It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
 And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe; 384
 'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
 The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
 By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep,
 And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
 And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
 Not thoſe who truſts in chariots, and in horſe. 390
 In vain unſkilful to the goal they ſtrive,
 And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
 While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferior ſteeds,
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
 Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe, 395
 His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
 Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground; 400
 Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains;
 Inclos'd with ſtones conſpicuous from afar,
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace: 405
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race).
 Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand ſteed;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
 While thy ſtriſt hand his fellow's head reſtrains, 410
 And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round naves appear to buſh the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
 Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
 Left, thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be 415
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
 And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind.
 Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
 Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed; 420
 Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus,

Thus, (nought unsaid), the much-advising sage
 Concludes; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.
 Next bold Meriones was seen to rise, 425
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
 They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose;
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws).
 Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
 And next the brother of the king of men: 430
 Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
 And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
 They stand in order an impatient train;
 Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
 And sends before old Phoenix to the place, 435
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
 The lifted scourges all at once resound;
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
 And up the champain thunder from the shore: 440
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound, 445
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air),
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein, 449
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
 Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal),
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
 First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds; 455
 With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds:
 Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind;
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
 And, hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees. 460
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize;
 But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless horses labour on the plain.

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Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey 465
Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.

The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke; 470

No more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground; 475
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound;
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race. 480

The next, tho' distant, Menelaus succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force:
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way, 485
And gives their lord the honours of the day.

But reach Atrides! shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
'Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain,
The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then; yon narrow road before our fight
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat 495
With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way.

'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500

Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.

Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
Still, edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below, 505
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.

Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
 This narrow way? take larger field, (he cry'd),
 Or both must fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
 He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510
 Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,
 So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
 Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears 515
 The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
 The flound'ring courfers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost thro' frantic haste to gain:
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
 Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwise! 520
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign:
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
 Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day. }

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld 530
 The courfers bounding o'er the dusty field.
 The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The monarch sat: from whence with sure survey
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way, 535
 And heard from far his animating cries,
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
 On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
 He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun. 540
 Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
 Or can ye all another chief survey,
 And other steeds, than lately led the way?
 Those, tho' the swiftest, by some god with-held,
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field: 545
 For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
 I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Perchance

Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray 550
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.

Rise then some other; and inform my sight,
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right);
Yet sure he seems, (to judge by shape and air),
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war. 555

Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies),
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.

Eumelus' steeds, high-bounding in the chace, 560
Still, as at first, unrival'd lead the race:

I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd:

Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind! 565
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride.

To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise 570
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun. 575

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end. }

No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives thro' a stream of dust the charioteer 580
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;

His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,

Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find 585
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace

So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.

Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
 Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands; 590
 From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
 With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
 The tripod vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
 These to the ships his train triumphant leads, 595
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
 O'erpast Atrides) second in the course.
 Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
 Than to the courser in his swift career 600
 The following car, just touching with his heel,
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel.
 Such, and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green;
 So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd, 605
 One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
 With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
 Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on: 610
 Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass
 The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
 Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
 (Since great Tydides bears the first away) 615
 To him, the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
 And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
 But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
 Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim. 620
 Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
 O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
 What if the gods, the skilful to confound,
 Have thrown the horse and horsemen to the ground!
 Perhaps he fought not heav'n by sacrifice, 625
 And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
 If yet, (distinction to thy friend to show,
 And please a soul desirous to bestow),
 Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
 Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore, 630
 An

An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.
But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend, 636
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd, (he cry'd),
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the cors'let cover'd o'er,
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore), 640
Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift), Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command
The cors'let brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows 645
With gen'rous joy: then Menelaus rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And, inly grieving, thus the king begun: 650

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash (Antilochus) has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame, 655
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame;
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize? 660
Rise, if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand,
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.

Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround 665
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the
ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years or sense.

670
Tncu

Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
 The mare, or ought thou ask'st, be freely thine,
 Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
 Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn. 675

So spake Antilochus; and, at the word,
 The mare contested to the king restor'd.
 Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain, 680
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
 Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree, 685
 'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.

Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
 Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
 Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
 To wave contention with superior sway; 690

For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
 Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
 To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
 Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
 Gen'rous alike, for me, the sire and son 695
 Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
 I yield; that all may know my soul can bend,
 Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
 Resign'd the courser to Neoman's hand, 700
 Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
 The shining charger to his vessel sent.

The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
 The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
 Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears, 705
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred sire! (he said),
 In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
 Dead, and for ever lost Patroclus lies,
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! 710
 Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
 Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,

The

The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
 Thy present vigour age has overshrown, 715
 But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
 With joy, the venerable king reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd.
 A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd! 720
 Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.

Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
 Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game, 725
 Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;

The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
 Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.

I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
 And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand, 730
 Surpass't Iphycus in the swift career,
 Phyleus and Polydorus, with the spear.

The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:
 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey, 735
 Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,

Sprung to their car; and with united pains
 One lash'd the courfers, while one rul'd the reins.
 Such once I was! now to these tasks succeeds
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds: 740

I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
 Go thou! my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
 With martial honours decorate the dead;

While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present, 745
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent),
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to see
 Not one but honours sacred age and me;

Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
 May the just gods return another day. 750
 Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days:
 Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
 For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.

A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke, 755
 Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke;
 Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.

Achilles rising thus: Let Greece excite
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight; 760

Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
 And rush beneath the long-descending stroke?

On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
 And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,

This mule his dauntless labour shall repay; 765
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great Epeus chose,
 High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,

And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
 Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! 770

(Price of his ruin): for who dares deny
 This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
 But the first honours of this fight are mine;

For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775
 Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,

Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:

So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. 780

The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze!

'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,

The great Mécistheus, who, in days of yore, 785
 In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,

(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace),
 And singly vanquish'd the Cadmean race.

Him great Tydides urges to contend,
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend, 790

Officious with the cincture girds him round;
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.

Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands;

With

With clashing gantlets now they fiercely close, 795 }
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows, }
 And painful sweat from all their members flows. }
 At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow,
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway 800
 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
 Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground. 805
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er; 810
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
 The third bold game Achilles next demands,
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands: 815
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the losers spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.
 Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose, 820
 When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
 Close-lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
 Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt: 825
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
 Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
 Their tops connected, but at wider space
 Fixt on their centre stands their solid base.
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends; 830
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;
 Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
 Swell to each gripe, in bloody tumours rise.
 Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground; 835
 Nor

Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon.
 Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me: 840
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground
 With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
 His ankle strook: the giant fell supine; 845
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
 Shouts of applause run ratt'ling thro' the skies.
 Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
 He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
 His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd; 850
 And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul:
 Again they rage, again to combat rise;
 When great Achilles thus divides the prize. 855

Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
 Ye both have won: let others who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, 860 }
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
 And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey. }
 And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
 The youths contending in the rapid race.
 A silver urn that full six measures held, 865
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:
 Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
 Elaborate, with artifice divine:
 Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
 And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port: 870
 From him descended good Eunæus heir'd }
 The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd, }
 To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
 Now, the same hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
 It stands the prize of swiftness in the race. 875
 A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
 And half a talent must content the last.

Achilles

Achilles rising then bespoke the train :
 Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

879 }

The hero said, and starting from his place,
 Oilean Ajax rises to the race;

Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass
 His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;

885

Pelides points the barrier with his hand;

All start at once; Oileus led the race;

The next Ulysses, meas'ring pace with pace;

Behind him, diligently close, he sped,

As closely following as the running thread

890

The spindle follows, and displays the charms

Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:

Graceful in motion, thus his foe he plies,

And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:

His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;

895

Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,

To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,

And send their souls before him as he flies.

Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,

The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:

900

Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd),

And present at his thought, descends the maid.

Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,

905

Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain;

(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the slipp'ry shore

Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,

Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire).

910

Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,

And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,

915

The baffled hero thus the Greeks address.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;

A mortal I, a goddess was my foe;

She

She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day. 920

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore,
A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,
'Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.

Why with our wiser elders should we strive? 925
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!) 930
Behold his vigour in this active race!

Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries, 935
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.

The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his fire. 940

Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,
Cast on the plain the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries), 945

Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the lists before our army's fight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore; 950

The sword Asteropæus posselt of old,
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold),
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends, 955
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand: 960

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the sight ;
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
 A furious pass the spear of Ajax made 965
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the cors'let stay'd :
 Not thus the foe : his jav'lin aim'd above
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
 But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife. 970
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground,
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round),
 Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire. 976
 This mighty quoit Action wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air :
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load. 980
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize :
 If he be one, enrich'd with large domain 985
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide ;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence : nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade. 990

Stern Polypætes stept before the throng ;
 And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong ;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great Ajax ; up Epeus rose.
 Each stood in order : first Epeus threw ; 995
 High o'er the wond'ring crowds the whirling circle flew.
 Leonteus next a little space surpast,
 And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
 O'er both their marks it flew ; till fiercely flung
 From Polypætes' arm, the discus sung 1000
 Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies :
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. }
 Those, who in skilful archery contend, 1006
 He next invites the twanging bow to bend :
 And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
 The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, 1010
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore.
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly,
 Whose weapon strikes yon flutt'ring bird, shall bear
 These two edg'd axes, terrible in war ; 1015
 The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
 He said : experienc'd Merion took the word ;
 And skilful Teucer : in the helm they threw
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
 Swift from the string the founding arrow flies ; 1020
 But flies unblest ! no grateful sacrifice,
 No firstling lambs, unheedful ! didst thou vow
 To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd : 1025
 A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing :
 Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
 And Merion eager meditates the wound :
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above, 1030
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,
 Implores the god to speed it thro' the skies,
 With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
 The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
 Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels ; 1035
 Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
 'The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
 With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
 A moment hung, and spread her pinions there, 1040
 'Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
 From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
 And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To

To close the fun'ral games, Achilles last
 A massy spear amid the circle plac'd, 1045
 And ample charger of unfullied frame,
 With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
 For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
 Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
 Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize; 1050
 Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
 With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
 Rose to the monarch, and respectful said.
 'The first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
 O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; 1055
 In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,
 And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
 Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
 This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.
 Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear, 1060
 The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
 But, set apart for sacred use, commands
 The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XXIV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The redemption of the body of Hector.

T H E gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.

Not

Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd, 5
 His friend's dear image present to his mind,
 Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
 Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
 Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
 And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: 10
 The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
 wrought,
 What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
 All past before him in remembrance dear, 15
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
 Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
 Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
 There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice Patroclus! round thy monument 25
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes:
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies. }
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care, 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
 And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe: 35
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
 E'er since that day, implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust, (reward obscene), 40
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
 To heav'n assembled thus Apollo spoke.
 Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain? 45
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?

Deny to comfort, mother, son, and fire,
 The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride,
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy. 55
 Shame is not of his foul; nor understood,
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is borne to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n: 65
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
 Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God.
 If equal honours by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies),
 If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim;
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame: 75
 Achilles of your own ethereal race
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace;
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n).
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode 80
 Yourself were present; where this minstrel god,
 (Well pleas'd to share the feast), amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
 Then thus the thund'rer checks th' imperial dame }
 Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame; }
 Their merits, not their honours, are the same. }
 But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace 87
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
 Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,
 (The only honours men to gods can pay), 90
 Nor

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above 95
 The azure queen; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not: and Iris from the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies, 100
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
 Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
 Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves resound),
 She plung'd, and instant shut the dark profound. 106
 As bearing death in the fallacious bait
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So past the goddess thro' the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: 110
 There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train,
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.

Then thus the goddess of the painted bow: 115
 Arise, O Thetis, from thy seats below;
 'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
 Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd—
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair 125
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the lightnings blaze the fire they found,
 And all the gods in shining synod round. 130
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
 (Minerva rising, gave the mourner place),

Ev'n

Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl :
 She tasted, and resign'd it : then began 135
 The sacred fire of gods and mortal man :

Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,
 Maternal sorrows long, ah long to-last !
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares :
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
 Nine days are past, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove ;
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.

Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear ;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far :
 Nor let him more, (our anger if he dread),
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead : 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155
 And from Olympus' snowy top descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun :

How long, unhappy, shall thy sorrows flow !
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe ?
 Mindless of food, or love whose pleasing reign 165
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
 O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
 Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour !
 Lo ! Jove himself, (for Jove's command I bear),
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far. 170
 No longer then, (his fury if thou dread),
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To

To whom Achilles : Be the ransom giv'n, 175
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.

Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town, 180
And urge her monarch to redeem his son ;

Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive :

Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;
Except to place the dead with decent care, 185

Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules, and fun'ral car command.

Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led :

Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way. 190

Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair :

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives, 195
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives :

Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.

And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face his wrapt attire 200

Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.

From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;

Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205
Ly pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!

Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father ! no ill news I bear ;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care : 210

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive ;

Alone, for so he wills : no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care, 215

Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor

Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread ;
 Safe thro' the foe by his protection led ;
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair :
 Some thought there must be, in a soul to brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare 225
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car ;
 There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay :
 His pious sons the king's command obey.
 Then past the monarch to his bridal room,
 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230
 And where the treasures of his empire lay ;
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say :

Unhappy consort of a king distressed ;
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast :
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235
 Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move ;
 Forake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
 The corpse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
 Tell me thy thought : my heart impels to go
 Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe. 240

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
 Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ?
 And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind ?
 Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions-known, 245
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown !
 Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes ! to face
 (Oh heart of steel !) the murd'rer of thy race !
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore ! 250
 Alas, my lord ! he knows not how to spare,
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare ;
 So brave ! so many fall'n ! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
 No—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
 To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents woe !

Doom'd

Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260

Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to slay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man);
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. 270
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call: 275
If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!

Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood! 280

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace),
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy! 290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries), 295
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
No,

No, you must feel him too ; yourselves must fall ;
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all :
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone ;
 Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone !
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, 305
 I see the ruins of your smoking town !
 O send me, gods ! ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome !

He said, and feebly drives his friends away :
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310
 Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,
 His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon : for yet these nine 315
 Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire !
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire ?
 Wretch that I am ! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain ! 320
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line !
 All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy !
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
 And speed my journey to redeem my son ? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
 Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind :
 The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd ;
 Box was the yoke, embolt with costly pains, 335
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins ;
 Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground ;
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain :

Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
 (The gift of Myfia to the Trojan king).
 But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind; 350
 A golden bowl, that foam'd with fragrant wine,
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine),
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms. 356
 Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
 Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
 Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ætherial space.
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above, 365
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
 But if the god his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said Priam) to the fire above
 To raise our hands, for who so good as Jove? 370
 He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring:
 (Her ready hands the ewer and basin held):
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

O first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial lord!
 On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
 To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ætherial space:

So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, 385
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!

The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Pernos' lofty name. 390

Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears: 395

The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein: 400

The king himself his gentle steeds controuls,
And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.

On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he past, 405

And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.

Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man, 410

Then thus to Hermes. Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.

Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent, 415
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main: 420

Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;

Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.

A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

Now

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
Their chariots stopping, at the silver spring 430
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.

Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly?

Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call? 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445
And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450
What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view,
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide?
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd), 460
Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide; 465
(The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd);
But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,

'To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land. 470
 Or fly'st thou now? what hopes can Troy retain?
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain!

The king alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
 And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd? 475
 Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
 On this sad subject you inquire too much.
 Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
 In glorious fight with Grecian blood embur'd: 480

I saw him, when like Jove his flames he tost
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
 I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
 Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race; 485
 One ship convey'd us from our native place;
 Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
 Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;

Of seven his sons by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last. 490
 To watch this quarter my adventure falls,

For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train, 495
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
 Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
 My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
 Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains? 500

O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then)
 The pow'r that mediates between gods and men),
 Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
 This the twelfth evening since he rested there, 505
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.

Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 510

Majestical

Majestical in death! no stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
 (Tho' many a wound they gave); some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead. 515

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
 And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

Blest is the man who pays the gods above
 The constant tribute of respect and love! 520
 Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.

But thou, oh gen'rous youth, this goblet take, 525
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
 And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent god. O king forbear
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: 530
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
 What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence; 535
 And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey:
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.

On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
 O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main. 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
 Before th' inspiring god that urg'd them on,
 The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.

And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found 545
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,

And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars, 550

Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;
 And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state, 555
 (The work of soldiers), where the hero sat.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length ;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide ;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and understand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :
 Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewel ; to shun Achilles' fight I fly ;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confest to frail mortality. }
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs ; 570
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies : 575
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
 And left his aged herald on the car.
 With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent :
 There sat the hero ; Alcimus the brave, 580
 And great Automedon, attendance gave :
 These serv'd his person at the royal feast,
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585
 Sudden, (a venerable sight !) appears ;
 Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears ;
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch, (who, conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime), 591
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale ! amaz'd !
 All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :
 Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprize ;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes : 595
 Each

Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

 Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!

Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600

Those silver hairs, that venerable face;

His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!

In all my equal, but in misery!

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate

Expels him helpless from his peaceful state; 605

Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,

And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;

He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;

And hearing still may hope, a better day 610

May send him thee, to chase that foe away.

No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,

The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!

Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,

'The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame; 615

Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!

How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?

Still one was left, their loss to recompense;

His father's hope, his country's last defence.

Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel, 620

Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

For him thro' hostile camps I bent my way,

For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;

Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere! 625

Think of thy father, and this face behold!

See him in me, as helpless and as old!

'Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,

'The first of men in sov'reign misery.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630

The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:

Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,

And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,

'Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire. 635

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)

The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.

Now

Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe ;
 And now the mingled tides together flow :
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er ; 640
 A father one, and one a son deplore :

But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.

'Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran ;

One universal solemn show'r began ;

They bore as heroes, but they felt as man. 645 }

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,

From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;

The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;

On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650

Not unrelenting : then serene began

With words to soothe the miserable man.

Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known ?

Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone

To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face 655

The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race ?

Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,

A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise then : let reason mitigate our care :

To mourn, avails not ; man is born to bear. 660

Such is, alas ! the Gods severe decree :

They, only they are blest, and only free.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,

The source of evil one, and one of good ;

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665

Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;

To moist, he mingles both : the wretch decreed

To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed ;

Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,

He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670

The happiest taste not happiness sincere,

But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.

Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r ?

What stars concurring blest his natal hour !

A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n, 675

Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n !

One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,

No race succeeding to imperial sway :

An only son ! and he (alas !) ordain'd

To fall untimely in a foreign land ! 680

See

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685 }
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes falls? 690
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more! 695 }
 To whom the king. O favour'd of the skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies. }
 O give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. 700
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live!
 Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies, 705
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),
 Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
 (Old ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame), 710
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,
 Some god impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd.
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd }
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard. 715 }
 Cease, lest neglectful of high Jove's command,
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.
 The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd. 720
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad:
 Automedon and Alcimus attend,
 (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend);
 These

These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent; 725
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
 To wash the body and anoint with oil;
 Apart from Priam, lest th' unhappy fire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage. 735
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:

Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.

If, in that gloom which never light must know,
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below: 741

O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
 (Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine. 745

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat:

To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun.

Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;

Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;

And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,

The fight is granted to thy longing eyes.

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night

Demand refection, and to rest invite:

Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755

The common cares that nourish life, forego.

Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,

A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:

Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,

In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;

These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,

Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.

So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,

Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line; 765

But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;

Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

Steep'd

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
 (For Jove had turn'd the nations all to stone): 770
 The gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.

Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will),
 Thro' defarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed whence Achelous springs, 775
 The watry fairies dance in mazy rings,
 There high on Sipylus his shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of woe;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own. 781
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around. 785

He said, and, rising, chose the victim-ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestic size;
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to sleep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805
 For since the day that number'd with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!

Till

Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'nings lay. 815
Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here;

Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive, (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, 820
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.

Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say, with speed, if ought of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require 825
T'inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughter'd arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit, (the monarch said),
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known 830
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.

Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast: 835
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request, (reply'd the chief), enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseis bright in blooming charms
Expects her hero with desiring arms.

But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,

The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 850
And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said);

Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord!
 Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes,
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.

When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
 The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
 The sage and king, majestically slow.

Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire, 870
 The sad procession of her hoary sire,
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
 Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier:
 A show'r of tears o'erflow her beauteous eyes,
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries. 875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow! 880
 Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains;
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885

At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay, 890
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
 Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes;

First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead. 895

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.

A melancholy choir attend around, 900
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:

Alternately they sing, alternate flow
'Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art. 905

First to the corse the weeping comfort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And, oh my Hector! oh my Lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 910
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes: 915
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er, 920
(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!

'Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
'The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord. 925

Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.

For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: 930
'Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!

'Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his comfort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935

Some

Some word thou would'st have spoke, which sadly dear
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never, could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan. 941

The mournful mother next sustains her part.
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945

While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost
Free, and a hero to the Stygian coast,
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain),
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!

Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face; 955
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sd. Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er,
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore; 965

(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:

When others curst the authress of their woe, 970
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:

If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain. }

For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee, 975
The wretched source of all this misery!

The

The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan ;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone !
 Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam !
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home !

980

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye ?
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows ;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
 Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,
 And sell the forests for a fun'ral pyre ;
 Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread,
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

985

He spoke ; and, at his word, the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
 Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

990

But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
 And plac'd aloft : while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

995

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn ;
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet remaining fire,
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase ;

1000

The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.

1005

(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun) :

1010

All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train :

Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

1015



The End of the ILIAD.

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Bread 26 03
 11 Peck Long weighs 17 06
 11 Half 80. 8 11
 11 2 quarter 80. 4 5 1/2
 11 Peck of Flour weighs 4 00
 11 Bushel 56 00
 11 Sack or 5 Bushels 280 00

Wood weight

14 Pounds make 1 Stone 14
 2 Stone or 28 Pounds 1 Tod. 14
 5 1/2 Tod or 13 Stone 1 Weigh. or Weight
 2 Weys 1 Sack. 14
 12 Sacks 1 Last. 14



Armed by Rev. W. W. W. W.
occurred by the death
of Ann Taylor -

John G. G. G.

Howling Gate near

the



Mr. Vicarey

Fridays 12 to 1.

Saturdays any Hour

Two, except from 5 to 6

Other Days, any Hour
in the evening after 5.

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